

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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bers, price \$10.

THE SICK MAN AND THE BIRDS.

ÆGROTUS.

SPRING, — art thou come, O Spring !
 I am too sick for words ;
 How hast thou heart to sing,
 O Spring, with all thy birds ?

MERULA.

I sing for joy, to see again
 The merry leaves along the lane,
 The little bud grown ripe,
 And look, my love, upon the bough !
 Hark, how she calleth to me now, —
 “ Pipe ! pipe ! ”

ÆGROTUS.

Ah ! weary is the sun :
 Love is an idle thing.
 But, bird, thou restless one,
 What ails thee, wandering ?

HIRUNDO.

By shore and sea, I come and go,
 To seek I know not what ; and lo !
 On no man's eaves I sit,
 But voices bid me rise once more,
 To flit again by sea and shore, —
 Flit ! flit !

ÆGROTUS.

This is earth's bitter cup : —
 Only to seek, not know.
 But thou, that strivest up,
 Why dost thou carol so ?

ALAUDA.

A secret spirit gifteth me
 With song, and wing that lifteth me, —
 A Spirit for whose sake,
 Striving amain to reach the sky,
 Still on the old dark earth I cry —
 “ Wake ! wake ! ”

ÆGROTUS.

My hope has lost its wing.
 Thou, that to Night dost call,
 How hast thou heart to sing,
 Thy tears made musical ?

PHILOMELA.

Alas for me ! a dry desire
 Is all my song, — a waste of fire
 That will not fade nor fail ;
 To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
 Moan through the windy ways of time,
 “ Wail ! wail ! ”

ÆGROTUS.

Thine is the sick man's song, —
 Mournful, in sooth, and fit ;
 Unrest that cries “ How long ? ” —
 And the night answers it.

St. Pauls.

A. D.

WAITING.

“ *Mors janua vite.* ”

I HAVE waited till Spring's first breath came
 over the rippling streams,
 And kissed the opening flower as it lightly
 skimmed along ;
 Till the woodland lilies waved all white in the
 morning beams,
 And the deep dells echoed again to the sound of
 the wild-bird's song.

I have waited till Summer came forth all wreathed
 in a thousand flowers,
 Shedding a luscious balm o'er the meadows, and
 glades, and hills,
 Twining the daffodil sweet with the rose in her
 fragrant bowers,
 And fringing, with verdant moss, the sides of
 the bubbling rills.

I have waited till Autumn has gone from the
 woods' waning sigh,
 Leaving the half-dead trees of their emerald
 tresses all shorn ;
 When the branches revealed in the night the
 stars in the far-off sky,
 Or shook in a tremulous chill at the sob of the
 early morn.

I have waited through dreary December's hours
 of darkness and gloom,
 Till the Old Year, weary and worn, had passed
 away to his rest ;
 Till his midnight knell had rung in the dark
 with a tongue of doom,
 And floated above the snow that lay like a shroud
 on his breast.

I have waited a dreary time on the verge of the
 Border Land,
 Consumed by languishing pain, and shadowed
 by grief profound ;
 Living again in the thrill of the grasp of a long-
 loved hand,
 Lingering over the tones of a voice of the ten-
 derest sound.

I wait in the balmy hours of the twilight soft
 and still,
 Watching the crimson flecks in an azured west-
 ern sky ;
 Lulled by the vesper chimes from the church on
 the far-off hill,
 Borne on the softest wings of the night-wind's
 tenderest sigh.

I linger here on the verge of this shadowy Border
 Land,
 How long, Lord, yet to stay, from the Land I
 have seen afar ?
 Thine own time, Lord, then lead me up with a
 gentle hand !
 And open Thou wide the gates that have stood
 so long ajar !

Chambers' Journal.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELYE.

II. THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

WHAT WAS the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire?

That after a few centuries a fabric so artificial should fall to pieces is not in itself surprising. Great empires seldom last long; they are by their very nature liable to special evils to which in time they succumb, and so the process of their downfall is commonly the same. Rome was by no means exempt from these special causes of weakness, but we shall find that Rome did not, like other empires, succumb to them. We shall find that she weathered these most obvious dangers, and that the history of her fall is as unique as that of her greatness.

The difficulty which has been found insurmountable in most great empires is their unwieldy size, and the obstinate antipathy of the conquered nationalities to their conquerors. Government must necessarily become difficult in proportion to the extent of the territory governed and the disloyalty of the inhabitants. It follows that in a great empire founded upon conquest the difficulties of government are the greatest possible. To cope with them it is found necessary to create pashas or viceroys of particular provinces, with full monarchical power. Sooner or later government breaks down, overborne partly by its insurgent subjects, partly by these viceroys shaking off its authority.

This, then, is the regular process of dissolution in empires. Subject nationalities succeed at last in recovering their independence, and subordinate governors throw off their allegiance and become kings. Sometimes the two solvents help each other, as Ali Pasha of Janina helped the early attempts of the Greek patriots. Let us take some of the more conspicuous examples which history affords. Alexander's empire was dissolved by his officers' making themselves kings, and the kingdom of Pontus was formed out of it by the effort of one of the conquered nationalities. The Saracen Empire split into three independent caliphates. The Seljukian Empire of Malek Shah was divided in a few

generations among independent sultans of Persia, Syria, Roum, &c. The Great Mogul lost his dominion partly to the insurgent Mahrattas, partly to his own viceroys of the Deccan and of Bengal. The German Empire became a nullity when the electors began to raise themselves to the rank of kings. In the Ottoman Empire the process of dissolution shows itself in Greece and Servia recovering their independence, and the Egyptian viceroy making himself a sovereign.

If we look for similar symptoms in the dissolution of the Roman Empire we are disappointed. The subject nationalities do not recover their independence. It is true that they make their separate influence felt long after they have been politically merged. The Greeks, for example, maintained, not only the independence, but the superiority of their language and culture. Although the greatest writers of this period are Roman, yet, within half a century after the death of Tacitus and Juvenal, Greek not only prevailed in the eastern half of the Empire, but had so far superseded Latin in Rome itself, that the Emperor Aurelius uses it in meditations intended for his own private use. The Asiatic part of the Empire preserved its peculiar ways of thinking. Its religions entered into a competition both with the religions of the West and with Greek philosophy, the religion of the cultivated classes among the Romans. In this contest between the Western conquerors and the Eastern subjects the conquered races had at last the better, and imposed a religion upon their masters. Nor were the African nationalities without their influence. They gave to the Empire, in Severus, the master who first gave unlimited power to the army; and they contributed to the religious reformation its greatest rhetorician, Tertullian; its most influential politician, Cyprian; and, later, its greatest theologian, Augustine.

But though the nationalities retained so much intellectual independence, they never became dangerous to the Empire. There were indeed, in the first century, four considerable wars of independence — the rising of the Germans under Arminius, that of the Britons under Boadicea, that of the Germans and Gauls under Civilis, and that of the Jews.

But the first two were not rebellions of nations already conquered, but of nations in the process of being conquered. In the case of the Germans it was the effort by which they saved their independence; in the case of the Britons it was the last convulsion of despair. The other two revolts were, no doubt, precisely of the kind which occur so frequently in great empires, and are so frequently fatal to them. But to the Roman Empire they were not fatal, and can hardly be said to have seriously endangered it. It was owing to the confusion of a revolutionary time that Civilis was able for a moment to sever the Rhenish provinces from Rome, but his success only made it more evident that his appeal to national feeling came too late, and was addressed to that which had no existence. As soon as the vigour of the central government revived, a single army, not very well commanded, extinguished the feeble spark. Far different, certainly, was the vigour and enthusiasm with which the Jews took arms. But the result was not different. The rebellious nationality only earned by the fierceness of its rising a more overwhelming ruin.

If we reckon the Jewish war of the reign of Vespasian and that of the reign of Hadrian as constituting together one great national rebellion, then the history of the Empire affords no other considerable example besides those I have mentioned of the rising of a conquered nationality. There appear, indeed, in the third and fourth centuries, some phenomena not altogether different. The third century was an age of revolution. I have spoken already of the great Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium. It would be a convenient thing if we could accustom ourselves to the notion of a second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius, in A.D. 180, and ending with the accession of Diocletian, in A.D. 285. During this period the imperial system struggled for its life, and suffered a transformation of character which enabled it to support itself over the whole extent of the Empire for more than another century, and in the eastern half for many centuries. In the fearful convulsions of this revolutionary period we are able to discern the diffi-

culties with which the Imperial system had to cope. And among these difficulties is certainly to be reckoned the unlikeness of the nations composing the Empire. The Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sympathies, and separated from the others by national differences. The Greek-speaking world tends to separate itself from the Latin-speaking world. Gaul, Britain, and Spain tend to separate themselves from Italy and Africa. These tendencies were recognized when the revolutionary period closed in Diocletian's partition of the Empire between two Augusti and two Caesars, and, afterwards, in the four great præfectures of Constantine. The division between East and West, after being several times drawn and again effaced, was permanently recognized in the time of the sons of Theodosius, and is written in large characters in the history of the modern world.

The tendency then to division certainly existed, and might at times be dangerous. But it is not to be confounded with that working of the spirit of nationality which I have spoken of as the commonest cause of the ruin of great empires. In most great empires the subject nations have not only a want of sympathy, or it may be a positive antipathy, towards each other; they are influenced still more by an undying hostility towards their conquerors, and an undying recollection of the independence they have lost. Out of these feelings springs a fixed determination, handed down through successive generations, and shared by every individual member of the conquered race, to throw off the yoke at the first opportunity. Where this fixed determination exists, the conquerors have in the long run but a poor chance of retaining their conquest; for their energy is more likely to be corrupted by success than their victim's fixed hatred to be extinguished by delay. And this was the difficulty which, almost alone among conquering nations, the Romans were not called upon to meet. By some means or other they succeeded in destroying in the mind of Gaul, African, and Greek the remembrance of their past independence and the remembrance of the relentless cruelty with which they had been

enslaved. Rome destroyed patriotism in its subject races, though it left in them a certain blind instinct of kindred. When the Empire grew weak, the atoms showed a tendency to chrystallize again in the old forms, but while it continued vigorous it satisfied the nationalities that it had absorbed. Whether by its imposing grandeur, or the material happiness it bestowed, or the free career it offered, particularly to military merit, or the hopelessness of resistance, or — more particularly in the West — by the civilization it brought with it; by some of these means, or by some combination of them, the Roman Empire succeeded in giving an equivalent to those who had been deprived of everything by its relentless sword. As Tecmessa to Ajax, the world said to Rome —

οὐ γὰρ μοι πατρίδ' ἥσσωσας δόρου
καὶ μητρίν ὡλαὴ μοῖρα τὸν φύσαντά τε
καθεῖλεν Αἰδῶν θανασίμους οἰκίτορας
τίς δὴτ' ἐμοὶ γένοιτ' ἂν ἀντὶ σοῦ πατρίς;
τίς πλοῦτος; ἐν σοὶ πᾶς ἐγὼ γε σώζομαι.

"Thou didst destroy my country with thy spear ;

My mother and begetter eyeless Fate
Took to be tenants of the house of death.
Now then what country can I find but thee,
What household ? on thee all my fortune hangs."

Of all the conquered nations, that which had the noblest past was Greece. It is a striking fact that even a hundred years ago there existed among the Greeks no proud remembrance of their heroic ancestors. Leonidas and Miltiades were names which had no magic sound to them. But they were proud of two things,— of their religious orthodoxy and of their being the legitimate representatives of the Roman Empire.

The Roman Empire, then, did not fall as, for example, the Parthian Empire fell, by the rebellion of the conquered nationalities. But neither again did it fall by the rebellion of its great officers and viceroys, as the empire of Alexander. It was, indeed, constantly exposed to this danger. It felt, as other empires have felt, the necessity of creating these great officers. The Legati of the Rhine and Danube, the Lagatus of Syria, possessed the power of independent sovereigns. They often seemed likely to

use, and sometimes did use, this power against the government. In the first two centuries, Galba, Vitellius, Vespasian, Severus, were successful usurpers; Vindex, Avidius Cassius, Pescennius Niger were unsuccessful ones; Corbulo, and perhaps Agricola, paid with their lives for the greatness which made them capable of becoming usurpers. But these men usurped, or endeavoured to usurp, or were thought likely to usurp, the whole Empire, not parts of it. The danger of the Empire's being divided among its great generals, did not appear till near the end of that revolutionary period of which I have spoken. Then, however, it seemed for a time very imminent. We might rather say that for some years the Empire was actually divided in this way. In what is commonly called the time of the Thirty Tyrants, Gaul and Spain were governed for some years by independent emperors, while Syria and part of Asia Minor formed the kingdom of Odenathus. In other parts of the Empire, at the same time, the authority of Rome was thrown off by several less successful adventurers. At this moment, then, the Roman Empire presented the same spectacle of dissolution which other great empires have sooner or later almost always presented. It seemed likely to run the usual course, and to illustrate the insurmountable difficulty of at once concentrating great power at a number of different points, and preserving the supremacy of the centre of the whole system. But the Roman Empire rallied, and by an extraordinary display of energy proved the difficulty not to be insurmountable. It escaped this danger also, and that not only for a time, but permanently. The disease of which it died at last was not this, but another.

Of the first Roman Revolution, Marius, Cæsar, and Augustus are the heroes. The first of these organized the military system, the second gave the military power predominance over the civil, the third arranged the relations of the military to the civil power, so as to make them as little oppressive and as durable as possible. The second Roman Revolution, that of the third century after Christ, had for its heroes Diocletian and Constantine. The problem for them was to give to the military power, now absolutely

predominant, unity within itself. Before, the question had been of the relations between the Emperor and the Senate; now it was of the relations between the Emperor and his Legati and his army. But now, as then, the only hope of the Empire was in despotism; the one study of all statesmen was how to diminish liberty still further, and concentrate power still more absolutely in a single hand. As Rome had been saved from barbaric invasion by Cæsar, so it was saved by Diocletian from partition among viceroys. But as it was saved the first time at the expense of its republican liberties, it was saved the second time by the sacrifice of those vestiges of freedom which Cæsar had left it. The military dictator now became a sultan. The little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus; and if Tiberius had chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions.

The Revolution now effected had two stages. First came the temporary arrangement of Diocletian, who, in order to strengthen the Imperial power against the unwieldy army, created, as it were, a cabinet of emperors. He shared his power with three other generals, whom he succeeded in attaching firmly to himself. Such an arrangement could not last, for only a superior genius could suspend the operation of the laws, *Nulla fides regni sociis*; but so long as it lasted the Imperial power was quadrupled, and the Empire was firmly ruled, not from one centre, but from four: from Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Trêves. This plan had all the advantages of partition, while in the undisputed ascendancy of Diocletian it retained all the advantages of unity. This temporary arrangement in due time gave place to the permanent institution of Constantine, who broke the power of the Legati by dividing military power from the civil. Up to that time, the Legatus of a province had been an emperor in miniature—at the same time governor of a nation and commander of an army. Now, the two offices were divided, and there remained to the emperor an immense superiority over every subject,—the prerogative that in him alone civil and military power met. And at the same time that by disarming all inferior greatness he made himself master of the bodies, the lives, and fortunes of his subjects, he subdued their imaginations and hearts by his assumption of Asiatic state and by his alliance with the Christian Church.

Thus was the second danger successfully encountered. Rome disarmed her formidable viceroys, as she had subdued and paci-

fied her subject nationalities. Yet in a century and a half from the time of Constantine, the Western Empire fell, and the Eastern Empire in the course of three centuries lost many of its fairest provinces, and saw its capital besieged by foreign invaders. Having escaped the two principal maladies incident to great empires, she succumbed to some others, the nature of which we have now to consider.

The simple facts of the fall of the Empire are these. The Imperial system had been established, as I have shown, to protect the frontier. This it did for two centuries with eminent success. But in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, whose reign I have noted as marking the commencement of the second revolutionary period, there occurred an invasion of the Marcomanni, which was not repulsed without great difficulty, and which excited a deep alarm and foreboding throughout the Empire. In the third century the hostile powers on every frontier begin to appear more formidable. The German tribes, in whose discord Tacitus saw the safety of the Empire, present themselves now no longer in separate feebleness, but in powerful confederations. We hear no more the insignificant names of Chatti and Chauci; the history of the third century is full of Alemanni, Franks, and Goths. On the eastern frontier, the long decayed power of the Parthians now gives place to a revived and vigorous Persian Empire. The forces of the Empire are more and more taxed to defend it from these powerful enemies. One emperor is killed in battle with the Goths, another is taken prisoner by the Persians. But strengthened by internal reforms, the Empire is found still capable of making head against its assailants. In the middle of the fourth century it is visibly stronger and safer than it had been in the middle of the third. Then follows the greatest convulsion to which human society is liable, that which is to the world of man what an earthquake is to nature,—I mean an invasion of Tartars. The Huns emerge from Asia, and drive before them the populations of Central Europe. The fugitive Goths crave admission into the Empire. Admitted, they engage in war with their entertainers. They defeat and kill an emperor at Adrianople. But again the Empire is avenged by Theodosius. In the age of his degenerate sons the barbaric world decisively encroaches on the Roman. There is a constant influx of Goths. Goths fill the Roman armies, and plunder the Empire under cover of a commission from the emperor himself. Rome is sacked by Alaric. Then most of Gaul, Spain, and

afterwards Africa are torn from the empire by an invasion half-Teutonic, half-Slavonic. Barbaric chieftains make and unmake the emperors of the West. At last they assume sovereignty in Italy to themselves, and the Ostrogothic kingdom is founded. The East, too, suffers gradually a great change of population. Greece is almost repopled with Slaves and Wallachians. New kingdoms are founded on the Lower Danube. In the seventh century, Egypt and Syria are wrested from the Empire by the Saracens.

This is what we commonly understand by the fall of the Empire. It was matched in war with the barbaric world beyond the frontier, and the barbaric world was victorious. But it would be very thoughtless to suppose that this is a sufficient account of the matter, and that the fortune of war will explain such a vast phenomenon. What we call fortune may decide a battle, not so easily the shortest war; and it is evident that the Roman world would not have steadily receded through centuries before the barbaric had it not been decidedly inferior in force. To explain, then, the fall of the Empire, it is necessary to explain the inferiority in force of the Romans to the barbarians.

This inferiority of the Romans, it is to be remembered, was a new thing. At an earlier time they had been manifestly superior. When the region of barbarism was much larger; when it included warlike and aggressive nations now lost to it, such as the Gauls; and when, on the other hand, the Romans drew their armies from a much smaller area, and organized them much less elaborately, the balance had inclined decidedly the other way. In those times the Roman world, in spite of occasional reverses, had on the whole steadily encroached on the barbaric. The Gauls were such good soldiers, that the Romans themselves acknowledged their superiority in valour: yet the Romans not only held their own against them, but conquered them, and annexed Gaul to the Empire. If we use the word "force" in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the different forces, material, intellectual, and moral, which can contribute to the military success of a nation, it is evident that the Roman world in the time of Pompey and Cæsar was as much superior in force to the barbaric world as it was inferior to it in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. Either, therefore, a vast increase of power must have taken place in the barbaric world, or a vast internal decay in the Roman.

Now the barbaric world had actually re-

ceived two considerable accessions of force. It had gained considerably, through what influences we can only conjecture, in the power and habit of co-operation. As I have said before, in the third century we meet with large confederations of Germans, whereas before we read only of isolated tribes. Together with this capacity of confederation we can easily believe that the Germans had acquired new intelligence, civilization, and military skill. Moreover, it is practically to be considered as a great increase of aggressive force, that in the middle of the fourth century they were threatened in their original settlements by the Huns. The impulse of desperation which drove them against the Roman frontier was felt by the Romans as a new force acquired by the enemy. But we shall soon see that other and more considerable moments must have been required to turn the scale. For in the first place, if in three centuries the barbaric world made a considerable advance in power, how was it that the Roman world did not make an immensely greater advance in the same time? A barbaric society is commonly almost stationary; a civilized society is indefinitely progressive. How many advantages had a vast and well-ordered empire like the Roman over barbarism! What a step towards material wealth and increase of population would seem to be necessarily made when the bars to intercourse are removed between a number of countries, and when war between those countries is abolished! If in the first two centuries of the Empire there were bloody wars within the Empire, yet they were both short and very infrequent; the permanent condition of international hostility between the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, which had preceded the Roman conquests, was a tradition of the past. Never since has there been over the same area so long a period of internal peace. If we were guided by modern analogies, we should certainly expect that, while barbarism made its first tottering steps in the path of improvement, the Empire would have made gigantic strides; that its population and wealth would have increased enormously; that instead of failing to defend the frontier it would have overflowed it at all points; and that it would have annexed and romanized Germany with far greater ease than in Cæsar's time it had absorbed Gaul.

In the second place, the balance had already begun to turn before any new weights were put into the scale of barbarism. A long period intervened between the time when Rome was a conquering state, and the

time when it began to be conquered. During this interval barbarism had acquired no new strength, and yet the Romans had ceased to conquer. And this must have been owing, not to any want of will, but to a consciousness of the want of power. For when Rome ceased to conquer, it was far more completely organized for military purposes and governed more exclusively by military men than in its period of conquest.

With a citizen soldiery, summoned from farms and commanded often by civilians, Rome extended her boundaries widely; but with a magnificent standing army, with a crowd of experienced officers, and with an Emperor at the head of affairs, Rome ceased, except at long intervals, to conquer. The maxim of Augustus, that the Empire was large enough, can only mean that the limit of its resources had been reached, and that those resources, for some reason or other, did not grow. And that the maxim was sound, and continued to be sound, is shown by Hadrian's re-assertion of it when he gave up the Parthian conquests of Trajan, and later by Aurelian's evacuation of Dacia. Aurelian was a great general, Hadrian was an active and enterprising man. Both of them must have known that the easiest way to obtain popularity was to carry on wars of conquest. Both must have known that to give up conquests was the readiest way to offend the pride of the Romans, and to excite disaffection towards the government. We may therefore feel sure that it was neither love of ease nor a mere blind respect for a traditional maxim that induced these two emperors deliberately to narrow the boundaries of the Empire. They must have had a knowledge of the weakness and exhaustion of the State, and of its inadequacy to new conquests, so certain and clear as to silence all the suggestions of ambition and interest.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the Roman Empire, in the midst of its greatness and civilization, must have been in a stationary and unprogressive, if not a decaying condition. Now what can have been the cause of this unproductiveness or decay? It has been common to suppose a moral degeneration in the Romans, caused by luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the Imperial time, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital in the fourth century. But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans

ceasing to be victorious in the field, and beginning to show themselves inferior in valour to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connexion with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole Empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said that luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army. On the contrary, the Empire produced a remarkable series of capable generals. From Claudius Gothicus to the patrician Aetius, a period of two centuries, the series is scarcely interrupted, and for the greater part of that time the government of the Empire itself was in the hands of men bred to war and accustomed to great commands. And as in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhadagaisus; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome.

Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the Empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral decay. In valour, discipline, and science, the Roman armies remained what they had always been, and the peasant-emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting; the Empire perished for want of men.

The proof of this is in the fact that the contest with barbarism was carried on by the help of barbarian soldiers. The Emperor Probus began this system, and under his successors it came more and more into use. As the danger of it could not be overlooked, we must suppose that the necessity of it was still more unmitigable. It must have been because the Empire could not furnish soldiers for its own defence, that it was driven to the strange expedient of turning its enemies and plunderers into its defenders. Yet on these scarcely disguised enemies it came to depend so exclusively that in the end the Western Empire was destroyed, not by the hostile army, but by its own. The Roman army had become a barbarian horde, and for some years the Roman commander-in-chief was a barbarian prince, Ricimer, who created and deposed emperors at his pleasure. Soon after his fall, another barbarian occupying the same position, Odoacer, terminated the line of emperors, and assumed the government into his own hands.

Nor was it only in the army that the Empire was compelled to borrow men from barbarism. To cultivate the fields, whole tribes were borrowed. From the time of Marcus Aurelius, it was a practice to grant lands within the Empire sometimes to prisoners of war, sometimes to tribes applying for admission. Thus the Vandals received settlements in Pannonia, the Goths of Ultilas in Mæsia, the Salian Franks along the Rhine. In these cases the Romans were not forced to admit the barbarians. If they were partially influenced by the wish to pacify them, it is certain also that there must have been a vast extent of unoccupied land which the Emperor was glad to people in this way. However much disposed we may be to reject as rhetorical the descriptions of utter devastation along the frontier in which our authorities abound, it seems at least to be clear that, however many barbaric tribes might knock for admission, there was room for them within the Empire. Nor did these large loans of men suffice the Empire. It was perpetually borrowing smaller amounts. Under the name of *Læti* and *Coloni*, there seems reason to believe that the Empire was already full of Germans before the great immigrations began. It is easy to discover symptoms of every kind of decay in the Roman Empire. We may talk of oppressive taxation and the rapacity of officials; of the tyranny by which the *curiales*, or respectable middle class, of provincial towns were crushed; of the decline of warlike spirit shown by the high price of volunteers and the extensive practice of self-mutilation to avoid the conscription; of the general decline of warlike spirit. But, however visible these symptoms may be, they must not divert our attention from the great symptom of all, the immediate and patent cause of the fall of the Empire—that want of population which made it impossible to keep a native army on foot, and which caused a perpetual and irrepressible stream of barbaric immigration. The barbarian occupied the Roman Empire almost as the Anglo-Saxon is occupying North America: he settled and peopled rather than conquered it.

The want of any principle of increase in the Roman population is attested at a much earlier time. In the second century before Christ, Polybius bears witness to it, and the returns of the census from the Second Punic War to the time of Augustus show no steady increase in the number of citizens that cannot be accounted for by the extension of the citizenship to new classes. A stationary population suffers from war or any other destructive plague far more and

more permanently than a progressive one. Accordingly we are told that Julius Cæsar, when he attained to supreme power, found an alarming thinness of population (*δεινὴ δειρανθρωπία*). Both he and his successor struggled earnestly against this evil. The grave maxim of Metellus Macedonicus, that marriage was a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge, acquired great importance in the eyes of Augustus. He caused the speech in which it was contained to be read in the Senate: had he lived in our days, he would have reprinted it with a preface. To admonition he added legislation. The *Lex Julia* is the irrefragable proof of the existence at the beginning of the Imperial time of that very disease of which, four centuries after, the Empire died.

How alarming the symptoms already were may be measured by the determined resolution with which Augustus forced his enactment upon the people, in spite of the most strenuous resistance. The enactment consisted of a number of privileges and precedences given to marriage. It was in fact a handsome bribe offered by the State to induce the citizens to marry. How strange, according to our notions, the condition of society must have been; how directly opposite from the present one, the view taken by statesmen of the question of population; and how unlike the present one, the view taken by people in general of marriage, may be judged from this law. Precisely as we think of marriage, the Roman of Imperial times thought of celibacy—that is, as the most comfortable but the most expensive condition of life. Marriage with us is a pleasure for which a man must be content to pay; with the Romans it was an excellent pecuniary investment,* but an intolerably disagreeable one.

Here lay, at least in the judgment of Augustus, the root of the evil. To inquire into the causes of this aversion to marriage in this place would lead me too far. We must be content to assume that, owing partly to this cause and partly to the prudential check of infanticide, the Roman population seems to have been in ordinary times almost stationary. The same phenomenon had shown itself in Greece before its conquest by the Romans. There the population had even greatly declined, and the shrewd observer Polybius explains that it was not owing to war or plague, but mainly to the general reluctance of his countrymen to rear families. If we can suppose a similar temper to have become

* Plutarch: *περὶ φιλοστοργίας*, c. 2.

common among the Roman citizens, it may still seem at first sight unlikely that the newly-conquered barbarians of Gaul or Britain would fall into an effeminacy incident rather to excessive civilization. But there is reason to think, on the contrary, that the newly-conquered barbarians were especially liable to it. We know how dangerous is the sudden introduction of civilized habits and manners among barbarians. We know how fatally the contact of Anglo-Saxons has worked upon Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders. The effect of Roman civilization upon Gauls and Britons was similar, if we may take the evidence of Tacitus. They exchanged too suddenly a life of rude and violent adventure for the Roman baths and schools of rhetoric. The effect upon these races was an unnatural lethargy, and apparently also a tendency to decline in numbers. The Helvetians are spoken of by Tacitus as already almost extinct; and the Batavians who distinguish themselves by their high spirit in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian, have entirely disappeared when their territory is occupied in the fourth century by the Franks.

It remains to point out that the circumstances of the Empire between the times of Cæsar and Constantine were such as rather to aggravate than mitigate the disease. One main reason why civilization in modern times is favourable to the growth of population is that it is industrial. The Anglo-Saxon subdues physical nature to his interest and convenience. Wherever he comes he introduces new industries. He contrives first to prosper, and next he increases. By his side the barbarian, skilled only in destruction, and without the inclination or talent to create anything, feels himself growing weaker and weaker, despairs, and then disappears. But Roman civilization was not of this creative kind. It was military, that is, destructive. The enormous wealth of the Romans had not been created by them, but simply appropriated. It had been gained not by manufacture or commerce, but by war. And it had been gained by the concentrated effort of many successive generations. Probably such a great national effort cannot be maintained for so long a time without giving to the national character a fixed warp or bias. The military inclination would remain to the Romans even when they had lost the power to gratify it. The aversion to all the arts of creation would remain even when nothing but those arts could save them. In the most successful conquering race that has appeared since the Romans, — in the Turks, — the same phenomenon

appears. They have lost the power to conquer, but they cannot acquire habits of industry and accumulation. Their nature has no versatility; it enjoys nothing between fighting and torpid inaction. They could win an empire, but having won it they allow it to fall into ruin. In a less degree the Romans seem to have had the same defect. There runs through their literature the brigand's and the barbarian's contempt for honest industry, — at least when that industry is not agricultural. To make wealth appears to them sordid; to take it admirable. And accordingly, when the limit of conquest and spoilage had been reached, a torpor, a Turkish helplessness, fell on them. They lived on what should have been their capital. Their wealth went to Asia in exchange for perishable luxuries, a general poverty spread through the Empire, and the unwillingness to multiply must have become stronger and stronger.

Perhaps enough has now been said to explain that great enigma, which so much bewilders the reader of Gibbon; namely, the sharp contrast between the age of the Antonines and the age which followed it. A century of unparalleled tranquillity and virtuous government is followed immediately by a period of hopeless ruin and dissolution. A century of rest is followed not by renewed vigour, but by incurable exhaustion. Some principle of decay must clearly have been at work, but what principle? We answer: it was a period of sterility or barrenness in human beings; the human harvest was bad. And among the causes of this barrenness we find, in the more barbarous nations, the enfeeblement produced by the too abrupt introduction of civilization, and universally the absence of industrial habits, and the disposition to listlessness which belongs to the military character.

A society in such a critical position as this can ill bear a sudden shock. The sudden shock came; "a swift destruction winged from God!" Aurelius, whose reign I have marked as the end of an age, saw the flash. We might say that Heaven, pitying the long death-struggle of the Roman world, sent down the Angel Azrael to cut matters short. In A.D. 166 broke out the plague. It spread from Persia to Gaul, and, according to the historians, carried off "a majority of the population." It was the first of a long series of similar visitations. Niebuhr has said that the ancient world never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by the plague which visited it in the reign of Aurelius. We are in

danger of attaching too little importance to occurrences of this kind. The historian devotes but a few lines to them because they do not often admit of being related in detail. The battle of Cressy occupies the historian more than the Black Death, yet we now know that the Black Death is a turning-point in mediæval English history. Our knowledge of the series of plagues which fell on the Roman world during the Revolutionary period from Aurelius to Diocletian, is extremely fragmentary. But the vastness of the calamity seems not doubtful, and it seems also clear that the condition of the empire was just such as to make the blow mortal. It is also plain that the reconstructed Empire over which, when the Revolutionary period was past, Diocletian and Constantine reigned, was different in its whole character from the Empire of the Antonines, and that a new age began then which resembled the Middle Ages as much as it resembled Antiquity.

As the population dwindled, a new evil made its appearance. The expenses of government had always been great: when complete Oriental sultanism was introduced by Diocletian, they became enormous. And the demands of government reached their highest point when the population had been decimated (the word is probably much too weak) by the plague. The *fiscus*, which had always been burdensome, became now a millstone round the neck of the sinking Empire. The demand for money became as urgent as the demand for men. A leading characteristic of the later Empire is grinding taxation. The government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of extortion, and the army of officials which had now been created plundered for themselves as well as for the government. What the plague had been to the population, that the *fiscus* was to industry. It broke the bruised reed; it converted feebleness into utter and incurable debility. Roman finance had no conception of the impolicy of laying taxation so as to depress enterprise and trade. The *fiscus* destroyed capital in the Roman Empire. The desire of accumulation withered where government lay in wait for all savings—*locupletissimus quisque in prædam correptus*. All the intricate combinations by which man is connected to man in a progressive society disappeared. The diminished population lived once more as *αὐτάρκτοι*, procuring from the soil as much as their own individual needs required, each man alone, and all alike in bondage to an omnipotent, all-

grasping government. For safety they had given omnipotence to their government, but they could not give it the knowledge of political economy, nor the power to cure subtle moral evils. Accordingly all the omnipotence of government was turned to increasing the poverty, and consequently the sterility, of the population.

I have not left myself space to describe in detail the pressure of the *fiscus* and the conscription upon the different classes of the people. It is related in many books with what malignant ingenuity the men of property were, so to speak, chained to the spot where they lived, that the culture of taxation might prey upon their vitals; and how the peasantry were in like manner appropriated and enslaved to military service. But this oppression, to which government in its helplessness was driven, filled the cup. I conceive that the downfall of the Empire is thus accounted for. Barbarians might enter freely and take possession. Vandal corsairs from Carthage might outdo the work of Hannibal, and Germany avenge at her leisure the invasions of Cæsar and Drusus, for the invincible power had been tamed by a slow disease. Rome had stopped, from a misgiving she could not explain to herself, in the career of victory. A century of repose had only left her weaker than before. She was able to conquer her nationalities. She centralized herself successfully, and created a government of mighty efficiency and stability. But against this disease she was powerless; and the disease was sterility. Already enfeebled by it she passed through a century of plague, and when the plague handed her over to the *fiscus* there remained nothing for the sufferer but gradually to sink. But the causes from which the disease itself had sprung were such as we can but imperfectly ascertain,—causes deeply involved in the constitution of society itself, and such as no statesmanship or philosophy then in the world could hope to contend with.

NOTE.—The *Spectator*, in a flattering notice of the first of these papers, asks for an explanation of the statement that the Senate was an assembly of life peers freely chosen. The magistrates were chosen by popular election, and election to the higher magistracies carried with it a permanent seat in the Senate. This is what I meant by calling it an assembly of life peers. I

call it freely elected because every full citizen was eligible and had a vote. No doubt the great houses had such overwhelming influence that they could in ordinary times monopolize the magistracies. But until the Revolutionary period began,

I do not think this influence had much coercion in it. The great families were really revered by the people, and were considered to have a sort of moral right to office.

J. R. S.

AT TABLE.

THE custom of frog-eating in France seems to date from the end of the fifteenth century. Champier, writing in 1504, complains of the strange taste of people who eat frogs, and cannot conceive how persons of delicacy can eat "insects" bred in marshes and stagnant ponds. "I have seen the time in which people eat only frogs' thighs, but now they actually eat the whole body except the head; and, moreover, serve them fried with a little parsley." Yet, that the practice was not universal we gather from Palissy, who, in his "Treatise on Stones," says, "It is a thing that one sees every day now, that men eat articles which formerly no one would have eaten for anything in the world. In my time I have known when you could have found very few men who could have eaten either tortoises or frogs." The custom, like that of eating beavers, and that great delicacy, their big, flat tails, probably took its rise in the desire of the fasting, or non-flesh-eating monks to get something as near flesh as possible; and they, therefore, always reckoned amphibious animals as fish, not flesh. In like manner, though certain monks would not eat pork, they flavoured their vegetables with lard, and many monasteries kept pigs for this purpose. Other monasteries got so far as to eat hashed meat, saying that when meat was so disguised it was no longer meat. Gregory the Ninth condemned this artifice in the Constitution he gave to the Benedictines, and declared that not only was meat forbidden to them, but also hashes and stuffing made of meat.

We thought "tongue" a comparatively modern dish, but there is a full recipe for roasting and saucing it in the curious "Liber Cure Cocorum," of about 1460 A.D., edited by Mr. Richard Morris; and Le Grand d'Aussy, in his "History of the Home Life of the French," informs us that there are extant several charters of the 12th century, in which French lords reserve, as a rent from butchers domiciled on their estates, the tongues of all oxen killed by the said butchers.

Have our readers ever asked themselves why their dinner-knives, or rather those of their grandfathers, are and were made round at the point? M. Le Grand d'Aussy will tell them. He finds the first mention of *forks* in an inventory of Charles the Fifth's plate in 1370 A.D., "quarante-trois cuilleres et fourchettes (gold and jewelled)," and says that, "apparently up

to that time, when men began to use forks, the knife was employed to convey pieces cut off, into the mouth, just as the English do now (A.D., 1782), who have for this purpose knives whose blade is round and very large at the end." But, as "fingers were made before forks," so were they before knives; and there is no doubt that, in the middle ages in England, fingers, and not knives, were the tools for putting solids into the mouth.

Is it known when milk and sugar were first used with tea in England? Was it before the French use of them in 1680, when Madame de Sévigné noticed the Marquise de La Sablière's invention of the custom? In 1687 a French doctor, Bligny, notices that some people smoked tea like others did tobacco, while he had made of it a preserve, a distilled water, two sorts of sirup, and a febrifuge. Lemonade was sold publicly in Paris in 1680, and its makers were formed into a guild in 1676, with the exclusive right of selling lemonade. Punch was borrowed from England by the French late in the eighteenth century; but, says Le Grand d'Aussy, as the ladies do not like the strong scent that the brandy in punch leaves behind, the drink can never succeed in France, a gallant nation whose first and only pleasure is to please *les femmes*. But gallantry notwithstanding *ponche* is still to be had in France, Athenæum.

THE correspondence about the morality of *Formosa* is suspected by wicked people to be a part of the play. We, of course, do not share in the suspicion. The letters, however, could not have been deliberately penned to better issue — that of increasing the attraction of the piece. They do remind us of Sterne's letter to Garrick, in 1752, written in Paris. "Crebillon has made an invention with me which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write to me an expostulatory letter on the indecorousness of "Tristram Shandy," which is to be answered by recriminations upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together, 'Crebillon against Sterne,' 'Sterne against Crebillon'; the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided." "This," says Sterne, "is good Swiss policy."

CHAPTER XXXV.

KNOWING THE WORST.

"I AM sorry you and Mr. Denton did not agree this morning," said Lucy to her father as they sat in their home at Mosedale on the evening of the day on which we last saw her: "he seems a very straightforward and unselfish young man."

"Does he?" returned Mr. Waller vacantly, and passing his hand wearily across his forehead. "I really paid but little attention to him in other respects, except that he seemed to be very fidgety and unfortunate."

"That's because he feels everything that he says, papa; his every word seems to come from his heart."

"It would be better if it came from his head when he talks about business matters," observed Mr. Waller drily. — "Did he say anything more about that confounded reservoir, Lucy, this afternoon?"

"No, papa; but I met him on horseback, and I fancy he was riding out to Redmoor, to take another look at the embankment. I hope and trust you are right in the matter, papa, dear: it would be so terrible if what Mr. Denton is so apprehensive of should come to pass."

"Yes, yes; I am right enough, Lucy; I must be right, for did not Flywheel tell me so himself. This Mr. Denton's Report, he said, made far too much of the matter last year; and I have no doubt he is again alarming himself unnecessarily. A young man always likes to make out a serious case out of anything in which he first gets employment; it is only natural; and I bear no grudge against him whatever on account of the fuss he made. His throwing his appointment in my face, indeed, was petulant enough; it looked very fine, but it was not much of a sacrifice. He has a good salary from the railway company, I am told; and is likely to get on in the world. I daresay, so far as means go, he will soon be quite as good a match for your friend Ellen as Mr. Stanhope. I don't wonder that a sensible girl like her should prefer a man with a steadily increasing income to one who has scarcely anything but his good blood to recommend him. It is not every young lady who has the chance of securing a man who is rich and also well born."

This was a subject not pleasing to Lucy, and she made an effort to avert its continuance.

"But if all Mr. Denton wants is to have the embankment thoroughly inspected, why should it not be done, papa? Cross-ex-

amination, as I have heard you say, is the key that lets out the truth; and is it not something the same with inanimate objects as with human beings?"

"It can't be done, my dear," sighed Mr. Waller, "for, to be candid with you, I can't afford it."

"Is it so very expensive, then? Mr. Denton said it would cost only a few pounds."

"Nor would it, Lucy, so far as the mere work was concerned; and my share of the expense would indeed be insignificant enough. But once let the folks here know that the reservoir needs repair, and down go the shares, as they did last year. Since you have pressed me on this matter, my darling, I will take the opportunity to tell you exactly how my affairs stand — if those can be said to stand at all, which the breath of rumour might topple over in utter ruin."

"I am quite aware, dear papa, you are in sad straits," said Lucy faintly. "I have always entreated you to let us live more in accordance with our actual means. The luxuries with which we are surrounded have given me no pleasure since I came to know the shifts to which you have been put to maintain us in them. I would rather give up everything to-morrow, and live ever so plainly, than remain in our present false position."

"You don't know what 'giving up everything' means, Lucy," said Mr. Waller gloomily, "nor can any one guess, who has not put it into practice: no rich man, and certainly no rich woman, has any real conception of actual poverty. You have the same idea of it as your would-be Sister of Mercy has of tending the sick in hospital; she fancies only wasted features with grateful looks on them; she has no idea of what would really meet her eye — and her nose."

"I don't know about abject poverty, papa," said Lucy simply; "that is, I don't know so much as I ought to know, though it always seemed to me, even in that case, that a little care and taste" —

Mr. Waller cut her short with a bitter smile. "Taste!" cried he; "yes, that would mend matters indeed; you would have cut flowers and a musical-box in every two-roomed house, I daresay."

"Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls."

You and the man who wrote those lines had much the same conception of cottage-life."

"Well, papa, I know at least how our lodge-keeper and his daughter live; and

Heaven knows that I would gladly exchange places with them."

"Yes, Lucy; but even if I were adapted for a lodge-keeper (which I confess I do not think I am), that is unfortunately not the question. There is no middle course for us left; there is no alternative for us but this — either the life we are now living, or positive beggary — destitution. There is not one brick of this house, nor one article which it contains, that we can with strictness call our own. I thought that I had hinted as much to you already."

"No, papa, I did not know that."

Lucy was very white, but her voice was firm. It was ill news indeed, but she was preparing herself for worse tidings which she saw by her father's face were on the way.

"Yes, dear Lucy, the time has come when I must use plain words. Those reservoir shares are all — absolutely all — that I now possess in the world; and I must sell them to-morrow to meet a bill which will then fall due, unless it is met by some one else."

"By some one else? I do not understand."

"William Blackburn's name is on the back of it."

"Oh papa, did you persuade him to do that on, my — through any hope?" — She leaned back breathless in her chair, and gazed upon him with terrified eyes.

"I made no promise, darling, certainly not. But I did say, as indeed I thought, that time might have its influence upon you in his favour. He was very reasonable — he said that he was content to wait. He did not wish to press matters at all, and I am sure he will not do so; and in time, who knows but that fortune may befriend us. I have many an iron in the fire, and though I have been unfortunate of late, that cannot last for ever. On the other hand, what is it makes this match so repugnant to you, which many a young girl in the county?" —

"Do you ask me that, papa, who know this man?"

Mr. Waller cast down his eyes, and fumbled with trembling fingers at his watch-chain. "You cannot have a husband made to order, Lucy: there is something to be said against every man, if you come to that."

"And do you really ask me, father, to take William Blackburn for my husband, for my companion — for my master all my life?"

"No; only for all *his* life," returned Mr. Waller boldly. "I would fain have kept

silence upon this matter, but, after all, it is a mere conventional reticence. We take into account the chance of death in every marriage settlement, and why not in our considerations of a match, as now? William Blackburn's life is not worth five years' purchase: Mr. Allcote told me so himself. He has undermined — I mean, when he was abroad, and isolated, as it were, poor fellow! from his family and friends, he was driven to take more to drink than was good for him; and though he sees the evil of it now — you must yourself have noticed a marked change in him of late for the better in all respects; he has certainly grown more social and pleasant in his manners — well, as I was saying, though he is so improved in his habits, the mischief has been done: he is bound to be a short-lived man."

"And how many years, father," asked Lucy in hollow tones, "would it take a man like that to break a heart like mine, think you?"

"He shall never do it, my girl; he shall never have the chance of doing it," replied Mr. Waller vehemently. "If you are not happy with him, you shall come back to me. Do you think that I could not manage that and him? I tell you I could wind that fellow round my finger, compel him into doing what I pleased, and become his master wholly, if only I once got free from the meshes of this net. I feel like some strong swimmer whose limbs are caught by the lithe weed beneath, and rendered useless: if it be but severed, he rises to the surface buoyant as ever; but else he is dragged down and drowned. Nay, worse than he, for the drowned man is buried, and there's an end; but of dishonoured bankrupt *me*, they will make a shameful spectacle, and at their shouts and jeers my daughter may well shudder, since one word of hers might have saved me, and yet she would not speak it!" —

"Then I will speak it, father," cried Lucy suddenly. "You shall never say that I hesitated to make the choice between my happiness and yours — I will tell this man that since you have sold me to him, I will ratify my part of the bargain."

"My dear Lucy," said Mr. Waller, taking his daughter's icy hand within his own and smoothing it fondly, "this is really a most unpleasant view to take of the matter. You must forgive me — but it is not good taste — and it is also most painful to myself. I have only done what any man in the county would have been glad to have done in securing you this good position, although I confess I was impelled to it by cruel necessity."

ity. If I were a rich man, I would afford you the indulgence of wedding whom you pleased, and welcome; but as it is, the luxury is not within my means. I sincerely wish, for both our sakes, that it were, my dear. Then it is not as if I were tearing you from the arms of one on whom you have set your heart; you know that I was far from offering the least obstacle when"—

She held her hand up for a moment pleadingly. "Pray, spare me that, papa, since I have promised to do your bidding. Why torture me further?"

"Torture you, my child? Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Waller earnestly. Deeply moved by his daughter's wretchedness, he was now characteristically bent upon showing her that, after all, matters might not turn out as she feared. "I was obliged to put the whole matter before you—to let you see the extent of the sacrifice (as you persist in viewing it) which might possibly be demanded, but to tell the worst is always to exclude much that is hopeful, something that is even probable. As I said before, William Blackburn is in no hurry to wed; nor, indeed, would it be fitting that he should be. Six months at the very least must elapse out of respect for his late wife. I should insist, even if it were not his own desire, upon so much of delay myself. And in six months, why, you don't know what a man like me can compass, if he has but room to turn about in; you don't know what time can do, my child."

"I know what time has done for me, papa," said Lucy bitterly, "but fifteen months of time! Heaven help me!" and then at last the silent tears began to fall.

Mr. Waller rose, stooped over her white face, and kissing her forehead, left the room without a word. He understood what his daughter felt, and perhaps even sympathized with her more than many a less selfish man would have done. The faculty of insight, untrammelled by the weakness of sentiment, had made Mr. Waller a strong man, and armed him for the battle of life. If in every case he did not know exactly what should be said, he always knew when he had said enough.

Lucy sat where she was for hours, gazing vacantly before her, through eyes now tear-dimmed with the memories of the past, now coldly fixed in contemplation of the future; busy with the dream of what might have been, and with the harsh realities of what might be.

One circumstance only, to which indeed her father had alluded, though really with no other intention than to diminish her sorrow, by placing it at a distance from her

view, gave her some spark of comfort. There was still time before her. William Blackburn had never actually proposed to her; and she knew him far too well to suppose that any delicate feeling with regard to his late wife had caused this reticence. There was doubtless some material reason which turned the scale with him in favour of delay; perhaps he was waiting to see in what position he would be left by his father's will, and desired to hold himself in a condition to cry "off," should circumstances induce him to look for a bride elsewhere. Never was reflection, so wounding to a young lady's self-esteem, so gladly entertained and cherished.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. WILLIAM'S AUTOGRAPH.

SCARCELY had the young engineer passed out of sight upon his way to Curlew Mill, when the carriage bringing Mr. Waller and his daughter to spend the promised "long day" at the cottage made its appearance on the bridge. Stanhope saw it with satisfaction, as he stood at the dining-room window pondering in his mind the communication he had just received, and in some doubt as to the course he should pursue in consequence. While his late visitor had been with him, Denton's earnest manner and pleading words had had more or less of weight with him, but his *laissez aller* nature was antagonistic to all press and promptitude, and now that he was alone, he already began to think that the other might have overstated his case, through professional enthusiasm, if not through pique, at his advice having been disregarded by his superiors. It was a serious thing to terrify the little household, with its prostrate head, by fears that after all might be without foundation, and he gladly welcomed the arrival of astute and practical Mr. Waller, as one who could give him good advice in such an emergency.

"I did not expect Miss Lucy would have inveigled you so early," said he, when that young lady had gone up-stairs with Ellen to take off her out-side gear; "but, as it happens, you are come in the very nick of time, for I want you to help me out of a difficulty."

Everything of difficulty took with Mr. Waller a pecuniary shape; was it possible that this young man was so hard pushed for money that he was going to ask a loan even of *him*, of whose embarrassments he was doubtless not altogether ignorant? Of course he could have lent him nothing; but it was disagreeable to him to have to refuse anything point blank. He therefore at once

began *more suo* to anticipate the catastrophe. "Yes, I am earlier than I thought to be; but the fact is there was a confounded fellow worrying me about a claim, which, just at present, it would be very inconvenient to me to satisfy; and I was really glad to get bodily away from him. There are some creditors who seem to be quite cannibalish, and ready to eat up one alive."

The real explanation of his early visit was that he did not wish Lucy to come without him; notwithstanding her promise of the previous night, he mistrusted her fortitude, and thought it best that she should have his personal support in the society of Mr. William, whom she was now to meet for the first time as her acknowledged suitor. The business he had to arrange with that gentleman in the course of the day was exceedingly likely to bring matters to a head, and would indeed have necessitated his yesterday's plain speaking to Lucy, had not the discussion about Denton led to the question by another channel.

"Don't talk to me of creditors, my good friend," said Stanhope laughing; "it's like speaking of ropes in the house of a gentleman who is to be hanged. But that reminds me we are not to be hanged in this house, but drowned, it seems. The embankment on Redmoor is far from safe, I hear; and the reservoir — But there; what a fool I am about all these business matters; why, now I remember, you are connected with that thing yourself."

"Connected with it, sir?" said Mr. Waller with a smile upon his shrewd face, that masked considerable trepidation; for if this news had really got about, it might have the same ill effect as the official inspection he had refused to permit. "I am very glad to say I *am* connected with it, since the shares are at a high premium, and I hold a good sheaf of them. The reservoir, sir? Why, *Le réservoir c'est moi*. I am myself the chairman of the Board."

"Of course you are; I remember hearing you say so last year."

An indifferent joke about the information having only gone in at one year to go out at another, was Mr. Waller's reply.

"Ah, but I can tell you it is no laughing matter, Waller. I do really believe there's something wrong. I never saw a man more earnest and confident in his manner in my life than Mr. Denton was this morning."

"Oh, Mr. Denton was your informant, was he?" returned the other with irritation, yet secretly well pleased to find that the news had come from a source he was already prepared for. "You are not aware, I suppose, that that very young gentleman,

who at best was only the *locum tenens* of a much abler and wiser man, now holds no official appointment with us whatever?"

"He told me so much as that," said Stanhope; "but I understood him to say he had resigned the post."

"Well, I suppose he has a right to call it a resignation, if he so pleases," said Mr. Waller coldly. "But we should certainly not have retained him, even if he had wished it. I don't say that he is not an able young fellow enough, but he is too full of fancies for a profession so practical as he has chosen. Flywheel, who has a European reputation, quite laughed at his Report last year; and I don't imagine that the six months' interval has rendered him more logical and judicious. So he has been down here already, has he, with that cock-and-bull story which he told me yesterday? Well, considering he is no longer in our employment, I think it would have been better taste in him to hold his tongue. What the deuce business is it of his, I should like to know?"

"Nay, but surely it is his business, considering we live here in this swan's nest upon the river itself, to let us know if he thinks the reservoir may come down upon us any morning, or even at night, which would be less agreeable still."

"My dear Stanhope," said Mr. Waller, throwing his palms outwards — an action which he had always found of service in convincing the mercantile community — "do, pray, let us take a reasonable view of this matter. Am I — a practical man, and yet, I hope, not without some human feeling — the sort of person likely to let life and property be endangered to the frightful extent to which it would be exposed if there was really any fear of such a catastrophe as you hint at? Why, my own place at Mosedale — let alone this cottage, with its little host of friends — would be among the first to suffer, for it lies low, and close to the river; and you will at least grant that I have a sharp eye to my own interests."

"Perhaps it is insured," answered Stanhope laughing. "I wish my mill was."

"There, now, you are treating the matter as it deserves to be treated," said Mr. Waller approvingly. "The danger, I do solemnly assure you" (and it must be added that the speaker believed what he said, because he wished to believe it), "has no existence whatever, except in the brain of this sucking engineer."

"Still, it must have taken very firm root *there*," observed Stanhope, not quite convinced, "for him to have ridden down here this morning, with no other purpose than to put us on our guard."

"Are you quite sure he had no other purpose, as he certainly had some other *attraction* to this spot?" said Mr. Wallers shrewdly. "For my part — though," he added hurriedly, "of course there are exceptions — I don't believe in the disinterestedness of young men."

Stanhope's colour heightened. "Disinterestedness you think, then, is only a product of mature years, Mr. Waller? Well, that is as it may be; but certainly men of your age have a better reputation for sagacity than your juniors. I suppose we must place ourselves in your hands, and disregard this young fellow's warning altogether; else I had certainly meant to speak to Mrs. Blackburn on the subject."

"My good sir, you would surely not have been so injudicious; it would have put her beside herself with foolish terrors; she would have been for getting her husband and the whole household out of the cottage at once, and placing them on the most elevated spot in the country. She is far from well, my daughter tells me, as it is; and, indeed, we are planning to take her away with us to Mosedale for a day or two, if she could only be persuaded to leave Miss Ellen in the sole charge of our sick friend."

"But one must give some reason for Mr. Denton's having called this morning."

"Yes, yes; but you may leave that to me, Stanhope. It will be much better so; because, you see, any reference to his visit places you — considering this gentleman's pretensions in a certain quarter — in a somewhat delicate position. I will tell my daughter, who is already acquainted with Denton's ideas upon the reservoir matter, to inform Miss Ellen of the whole affair."

"Then I wash my hands of the whole matter altogether," said the other, glad to close the question. Never before had Mr. Waller made direct reference to his young friend's matrimonial scheme — he was too well-bred, or rather too much man of the world to do so, unless his own interest seemed, as now, to urgently demand it; and the allusion made Stanhope wince. Mr. Waller was made of sterner stuff.

"Where is our young friend, Mr. William, to-day?" inquired he gaily.

"He is gone fishing down Mosedale way; I wonder you did not see him as you came along. He talked of being out all day; but I fancy he'll be back at luncheon-time."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mr. Waller involuntarily, and taking out his watch. "I rather wanted to have a word with him before the post goes out."

"Upon business?" inquired Stanhope drily.

"Yes, upon his own business. Moffat, who can't get on with him, asks me occasionally to put this and that before him." This was true; and Mr. Waller knew that Stanhope was aware of it. "For my part," continued the former, "I find little difficulty with our friend. And certainly of late he seems to me to be getting more practicable and like other people — don't you think so?"

"Within the last day or two there has, without doubt, been a noticeable change in him," answered Stanhope coldly, "otherwise I should not call his manners conciliatory."

Mr. Waller smiled: he knew that his companion was making reprisals for his late allusion.

"Manners," rejoined he, "are, after all, but the result of early training, which is in no case within one's own power. They may make the man; but it is birth and acres — provided only that they are unencumbered — which make the country gentleman."

"Talk of the devil," said Stanhope with irritation; "here is Mr. William coming through the bridge."

"How are you, Blackburn? Good-morning to you," cried Mr. Waller cheerily. "What sport have you had? What have you got?"

"Nothing," grunted Mr. William, awaking desponding echoes.

"Not even an appetite for luncheon?" laughed Mr. Waller. "Come, let us hope you've got that. Stanhope, here, was just remarking you would be pretty sure to be back at feeding-time. It is then that one has best chance of fish."

"Oh, fishing is all rubbish. This old fool here took me to a place which he said would be like a stew-pond, and where he had dropped four quarts of worms, for which he charged two shillings; and there wasn't a blessed fin."

"It's all them poachers, Mr. William," pleaded the professional angler; "they comes up from Mosedale every other night in the week."

"It's your business to catch 'em, sir," returned his master, "or, at all events, to see that I catch fish."

"But then you broke the rod, Mr. William," remonstrated the other, — "Mr. Richard's rod, as has whipped Curlew for five years, and killed a'most a ton of trout!"

"Never mind, Blackburn; spare the rod and spoil the stream, says Solomon," observed Mr. Waller encouragingly.

"Oh, I don't mind," said William sulkily, "whether Solomon said so or not. — Come, put me ashore here, old Ground-

bait;" which was done accordingly. Mr. William's time was of course much too valuable to be consumed in the foolish habit of hand-shaking, but he nodded graciously to both his friends.

"The idea," said he, appealing to their sympathies, "of that fellow's charging sixpence a quart for worms!"

"Frogs are much dearer, my good sir, in France," said Mr. Waller, who, notwithstanding his boast of "getting on so well" with his country gentleman, was always shooting over his head, and irritating him by opposition, when intending to conciliate him by badinage.

"Then all I can say is fools must be plentiful in France; and I never want to go there," growled Mr. William.

"Oh, then, he never has been in France, after all," thought Mr. Waller. "Come, I've picked up *something*. A day will come, my young friend, yet, when I shall have you entirely under my thumb;" and he smiled upon him in the most genial and unaffected manner.

"You have not come without Miss Lucy, have you?" inquired Mr. Williams suddenly, and in a manner which, if complimentary to the person sought for, was certainly not courteous to the person found.

"No, no," said Mr. Waller, smiling; "I know too well what sort of welcome an old fellow like me would receive at the hands of you young gentlemen, unless he brought some one else to recommend him."

"Just so," said Mr. William bluntly. "Where is she, then?"

"The young ladies are up-stairs with your mother," observed Stanhope, speaking for the first time.—"Perhaps, before they come down, you had better get that business over, Waller, with Blackburn—at least, I mean, don't mind me: I can stay here among the roses."

"A proper place for such a pretty fellow!" said Mr. Waller. "I am much obliged to you for reminding me of the matter, which else I do believe I should have clean forgotten.—Yes, I want to have a few words with you, Blackburn. Just come into the dining-room for five minutes, will you?"

"Well, be alive," said William, when they had stepped within, and the other had carefully closed the glass door, "for the fact is I want a cigar; and if I have one in any room of this wretched hovel, they make such a fuss about the smoke getting up-stairs. I hope you are going to tell me that that fellow Moffat is inclined to be less pig-headed?"

"Well, yes; I think I shall be able to

bring him round; though, without doubt, your father's condition makes matters uncommonly embarrassing."

"You have not got the money, then?" said the other in a tone of disappointment.

"No, I have not got the money at present," said Mr. Waller quietly. "It is not about that that I wished to speak to you. It is about that bill."

"What! *your* bill? Oh, that explains matters. I thought you showed yourself deucedly interested in my affairs. Well, it falls due to-morrow. You do not expect me to meet it, I hope?"

"Well, I am afraid I must, Blackburn."

"And how the devil am I to do it? I tell you, if I gave you every farthing I could scrape together, including the purse I've saved for a little fling in London, which I am sure I deserve, after having been moped up in a sick-house for half a year—I say, even in that case (which I promise you is not very likely to happen), I could not muster such a sum."

"My dear Blackburn," said Mr. Waller, smiling, "you could muster ten such sums with as many strokes of your pen."

"What! by signing my name? Oh, I daresay. You have had one of my autographs already, and that is enough. I tell you once for all that I will not lend myself to help you to another shilling unless I see my way to the *quid pro quo*."

There was a long pause, during which the last speaker looked at the other significantly.

"The security you ask for is up-stairs," said Mr. Waller at last.

"I know *that* well enough," answered William; "but I must have it here—if not in my hand, at all events assured to me."

"I have spoken to Lucy for you, William—I pleaded your cause with her only last night; upon my word and honour, I did."

"I don't doubt it," said the other coolly. "I know you are upon my side in the matter, because it is the side on which your bread is buttered; but it is not to gain you for a father-in-law that I am so particularly anxious, but to gain your daughter for a wife. When she herself has said to me, 'Ask papa,' then I shall be satisfied."

"And that she shall do so some day," said Mr. Waller cheerfully. "Indeed, between ourselves, she has promised as much already."

"Some day means nothing," said William resolutely. "Lucy herself must tell me to-day that she is ready to become Mrs. William Blackburn."

"To-day! That is impossible, sir," cried Mr. Waller.

"Then I shall find it equally impossible to-day to put my name to paper," said the other with determination; "and it seems to me that you can't wait."

Mr. Waller's usually tranquil face was greatly agitated; anxiety and rage alike made prey of him. It was true that he could not wait; but he had had no idea that William also would be so urgent. Whenever the subject of his marriage had been hinted at before, he had shown no sign of impatience.

"It is a harsh thing, Blackburn, to demand to have my daughter's answer from her own lips, under circumstances like yours, so soon. But my necessity, as you observe, is great and pressing. If you are really fixed in your resolve"—

"You need not say 'if.' *I am.*"

"Then I will ask Lucy, as a favour to myself, to waive those feelings of delicacy, which, though you do not seem to possess them, should actuate you far more than her."

William stared at him with dogged wonder; he had no idea to what he was alluding: the recollection of how short a time had elapsed since his supposed bereavement, did not even occur to him.

"I say I will ask my daughter to forget what you have not chosen to remember; and to give you her promise, that when the fit time comes, she will become your wife."

"The fit time!" returned the other fiercely; "what the deuce do you mean by that? I think I have been put off and put off sufficiently long as it is; but it's no use mincing matters with you, I find. When she says 'yes,' she must also name the day, sir: any day she pleases, of course; but it must be a pretty early one, I can tell her—within six weeks at farthest."

"Six weeks?" exclaimed Mr. Waller angrily, for every moment of this man's companionship made the idea of his daughter's marriage with him more hateful, and the sense of his own helplessness more galling. "You must have lost your wits, Blackburn, as you have surely lost your memory. Do you know how many days it is since you were *free* to wed?"

William had risen from his chair, in token that he had given his *ultimatum*, but he now sat hurriedly down again; his face had turned deadly pale, and his brow was overspread with dew; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and when he got it free, it was only to moisten his suddenly parched lips. As he sat there, damp and venomous-looking, with protruding eyes, it came involuntarily into the mind of his father-in-law elect how like he was to that order of reptiles which is called Batrachian.

"I am glad to see at least that the recollection of your late bereavement moves you," said Mr. Waller gravely. "Doubtless your affection for Lucy may be some excuse for your oblivion of the past; but still, sir, these common decencies of life, or at least of good society, should never be forgotten. Your proposal shocked me as you saw; nor could it, believe me, fail to shock others also. To marry so soon after your wife's death, would not only provoke antagonism to yourself, but to Lucy, and would prevent her from being of that social service to you with your neighbours, of which you stand so much in need. Nay, sir, I do not hesitate to say, that any such hasty marriage would provoke the most injurious reflections and inquiries respecting your late wife. How, it will be asked, did he treat *her*, and when and where — But there, I see I have said enough, William. I am sorry to have pained you so, but your most injudicious proposition left me no alternative.—See, there are the young ladies in the garden. Now, if you still wish to see Lucy"—

Mr. William shook his head, "No, no; not now—another time. I don't feel well; the sun upon the river has made me faint and shaky."

"It always has the same effect upon me," said Mr. Waller cheerfully. "If you don't feel quite equal to run your eye over this little document, I'll read it over to you. There; if you will be so good as to put your name where my finger is, in your usual handwriting, as much as you can, please. Dear me, you *are* shaky!—Thank you. And now, let's go out and join the ladies; I shall be glad to discuss that other little matter with you whenever you please."

But Mr. William was in no mood to join the ladies, and withdrew himself to his own room, perhaps for horizontal, more probably for spirituous, refreshment; and Mr. Waller himself remained where he was, busy with his own reflections.

"It's my belief that fellow's half-cracked," soliloquized he. "If his heart was not softened just now, it must be his brain that's going. Allcase is right enough: he won't last long. Gad, I almost think it would have been better to let him have his way, for, after six weeks' time, there is no saying whether he may be alive. And yet I don't think I could ever let my dear girl marry such a creature even for a day. I am sure he treated that wife of his ill—*very* ill, or his conscience would never have stung him as it did just now. He's a bad fellow, and a deuced ugly one too, sometimes: he looked more like a toad than a man when I began

to talk to him.—Yes, my dear, I'm coming;" and he kissed his hand to Lucy, who was looking furtively towards the dining-room window.—"Well, I've got his name here for a thousand pounds, if they will only believe it is his name, and that's a good morning's work, at all events.

There's something wrong about his late wife, that's clear. I wonder whether the screw lies there, after all, to which Master Stanhope yonder applies his chisel with such effect?—What a lovely day you have provided for us, Miss Ellen, and how charmingly your little bower on Curlew looks!"

WE have to record one of the pleasantest literary discoveries that could have been made—that of the private diary of Lord Palmerston. All his great contemporaries figure in it, and they are said to be drawn by a bold and masterly hand. This discovery will, no doubt, be turned to profitable use by Sir Henry Bulwer, who has been known for some time to have been occupied (with family sanction and assistance) on the biography of the late statesman, which will be published by Mr. Bently.

A little more than half a century has elapsed since Jane Austen died at Winchester, in her native county. This beautiful and accomplished woman was before the world as a novelist only from 1811 to 1817, when she died, at the comparatively early age of forty-two. But in those half-dozen years she became a leader in her peculiar class of fiction, beginning with "Sense and Sensibility." After her death, her friends published her "Northanger Abbey"—a girlish effort which barely gave promise of something better. A life of this once celebrated lady will be one of the biographies of the season. It will be in the very acceptable form of a single volume, and have for author the novelist's nephew, the Rev. J. Austin-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, near Maidenhead. He will, probably, add to the fame of a lady whose last words were, "I only want death."

Sir Henry James has received orders to copy the Black Letter Prayer-Book, 1638, with its marginal MS. notes, by his photo-zincographic process. One hundred copies of this Prayer-Book will be printed for the Ritual Commissioners, and sold by them.

Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold have been making a systematic exploration of London—from the Isle of Dogs to Kensington—with a view to a joint work on the metropolis.

A graceful and accomplished writer has passed away in the person of the Hon. Emily Eden, sister to the late Earl of, and to the present Baron, Auckland (Bishop of Bath and Wells). To romantic literature Miss Eden contributed "The Semi-detached House" and "The Semi-attached Couple." Her more recent work, "Up the Country," showed that when travelling Miss Eden could see what she saw, which many travellers fail to do. This lady was united with a far-back epoch, for she was the sister of Eleanor Eden, "Pitt's love," the object of his first and last passion.

There really is nothing new under the sun. The paddle-wheel for boats is seen on the Assyrian slabs, and in more than one old European fresco. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than two centuries ago, and the velocipede was probably seen even before that in Europe. Among the ancient painted glass in and about the once noble church at Stoke Pogis may be seen the representation of a young fellow who is astride the mute but active horse: he is working his way along with the air of a rider who has introduced a novelty, and is being looked at by admiring spectators. It is one of the most curious illustrations of ancient times in the painted glass windows of this interesting church.

The death is reported from Constantinople of the wife of Kiamil Bey. This lady (the sister of two other remarkable women, the wives of the late Fuad Pasha and of Cabouli Pasha) was considered the leader of the French party in Turkish female society. She spoke French fluently, and was a good musician: her daughters were brought up with the same accomplishments, and before marriage used to accept invitations to European balls, where they danced with young gentlemen. The wife of Cabouli Pasha is also distinguished for her accomplishments, and was the first Turkish lady who consented to be photographed, not only with the *yashmah*, but without. There is no reason to suppose that the example of these ladies and their few associates has any material influence on the opinions of men or women. There is, among many, a desire to profit by western improvements; but there is a strong desire to revive the glory of the empire on its ancient foundations.

Athenæum.

WHAT we may call the British Association's half-sister, the French Scientific Congress, will meet at Chartres from the 5th to the 14th of September. The attendance of Englishmen of science, and also students, is earnestly desired. There will be five sections of Natural History, Agriculture, Antiquities, Literature and Medicine. Papers on other subjects will be admissible. The President is M. de Caumont, of Caen, Normandy. Letters may be addressed to him, or to "M. le Secrétaire Générale du Congrès Scientifique de France, Chartres."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS TARAKANOF.

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

MANY of the visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will remember a striking picture in the Russian section, representing the interior of a cell in the Petropavlovsky Fortress at St. Petersburg, during the great inundation of 1777. It is a picture which cannot fail to produce a strong and a very painful impression on all who see it. Through the broken window of the cell the turbid water is pouring in a great wave: the room is already half flooded, and will soon be completely submerged. On the bed a young girl is standing, pale and evidently half fainting with fear, and a number of mice are swimming towards it, or, like her, have already taken refuge upon it. The bare aspect of the dreary prison-chamber contrasts strongly with the richness of the young girl's dress, worn and faded as it is, and so does the wild look of despair upon her face with the beauty of the features and the grace of the form of one who seems to have been fitted for far other scenes, for a widely different fate. Few of the spectators who saw this picture of Flavitsky's turned away from it without a wish to know something about the story which it illustrated, and which the catalogue informed them was known as "The Legend of the Princess Tarakanof." That story we now purpose to tell. It has often been told before, but — as far as English narrators are concerned — always wrongly, and yet it is well worthy of being told aright. But its true nature has not very long been made known even in Russia. It was not till Alexander II. came to the throne that the papers were allowed to be examined on which the book is founded, and from which we are about to take our facts.* It is not wonderful, therefore, that the old legend should not yet have been displaced in England by a true version of the story.

The legend runs as follows. After the Empress Catharine II. had mounted the throne, she discovered that a rival, whose claims might become dangerous to her, existed in the person of a Princess Tarakanof. This princess was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with

Count Razumovsky. She had been brought up abroad in great seclusion, and was living at the time in Italy. Catharine determined to get hold of her, and sent Count Alexis Orloff to Italy, on purpose to entrap her. He contrived to gain the confidence and to win the heart of the young girl, who was very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Having deluded her by a false marriage, he got her entirely into his power, inducing her to believe that he was going to espouse her cause and make her Empress of Russia. One day she went on board his ship at Leghorn. At first she was treated with the honours proper to royalty, but was suddenly arrested, loaded with irons, confined in the hold, and carried off to Russia. On arriving there she was thrown into a fortress, and treated in the most barbarous manner. Six years afterwards she perished in her prison, during an inundation of the Neva. Such is the legend. We pass on now to the true story.

The Empress Elizabeth was of a very impressionable character. Early in life, some time before she came to the throne, she fell desperately in love with a young officer named Shubine, and wished to marry him. But before the marriage could be brought about, he was suddenly arrested, and banished to Kamschatka, by the reigning Empress Anne. Elizabeth consoled herself as best she could, but she did not forget her former lover, and after her accession sent a confidential agent all over Kamschatka in search of him. For many months that officer travelled about the country seeking him in vain; all his inquiries were fruitless. No one had ever heard of such a name as Shubine. But at last one day, while he was talking to a group of exiles, he happened to mention the name of the Empress Elizabeth. "Is Elizaveta Petrovna now on the throne?" asked one of them. The officer replied in the affirmative, but the exile seemed to doubt the fact, until he was shown an official document in which Elizabeth was named as Empress. "If that is the case," said the convict, "the Shubine whom you are asking about is standing before you." Elizabeth's long-lost lover was found at last. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Elizabeth received him very kindly, made him a major-general, and conferred various other honours upon him. But the years he had passed in exile had produced a great change in him. His bodily health was shattered, and his thoughts had turned to religion, and especially to its ascetic side. He soon retired from the court, and before long he died. His last days were spent in the country, on an estate which the Empress

* The book was published last year at St. Petersburg, under the title of "Knyazina Tarakanova i Prinstessa Vladimirskaia." P. Melnikova [Princess Tarakanova and the Princess of Vladimir. By P. Melnikoff], but its substance had already appeared in some of the Russian periodicals. A German translation of part of it has been published at Berlin, under the title of "Die vergebliche Tochter der Kaiserin Elisabeth Petrovna."

had given him. There, in the village church, are preserved to this day a costly picture of the Saviour and a precious relic, both presented by Elizabeth to her former lover in remembrance of her early attachment.

After Shubine's banishment Elizabeth had turned her attention to another lover. In the same year with herself, in 1709, a certain Alexis Razum had come into the world, the son of a simple Cossack in Little Russia. As the young Alexis grew up, it was discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and he became one of the choristers in the village church. There he was heard one day by an agent collecting singers for the imperial chapel, by whom he was at once transferred to St. Petersburg, where Elizabeth saw him, and took a fancy to him. As soon as she mounted the throne she began to confer on him the first of a long series of honours. The young Cossack Razum soon became the great noble Razumovsky, Count of the Roman as well as of the Russian Empire. In the year 1744 the Empress first made him a field-marshal and then married him. From that time till the end of her life he bore himself very discreetly, and never lost his influence over her. After Elizabeth's death, the Empress Catharine II. sent Count Vorontsof to ask Razumovsky to produce the papers bearing on his marriage with her predecessor, and offering to confer on him the title of Imperial Highness. Vorontsof went to Razumovsky's house, and found him "sitting in an armchair by the fire, and reading the Bible." After the usual compliments Vorontsof explained the cause of his visit. Razumovsky did not utter a word, but silently rose and opened a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he produced a packet of papers enveloped in rose-coloured satin. These he began to read, still keeping silence; when he had finished reading them he raised his eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the sacred pictures which hung overhead, crossed himself devoutly, and threw the papers into the fire. Then he resumed his seat and began to speak. According to his account the late Empress had never had any relations with him beyond those of a monarch with a devoted subject, and the story of the marriage was nothing but an idle legend. For himself, he wished no more than to end his days in prayerful seclusion.

There can be no doubt, however, that the marriage really took place, and that two children were the fruit of it. Of these, one was a son of whom nothing certain is known, but tradition relates that he lived till the beginning of the present century,

and always shut up in a distant monastery, and always bitterly lamenting his unhappy lot. Of the daughter more has been ascertained. Of her early life nothing is known, but in 1785, when forty years old, she was sent by the Empress Catharine II. to the Ivanovsky convent at Moscow. There she lived for some five-and-twenty years, leading so secluded a life as to see scarcely any one beyond a few priests. A private corridor and staircase led directly from her cell into the convent church, and so she could go into it unseen. When there, mass used to be said privately for her, and on such occasions the church doors were closed and no strangers were admitted. The curtains behind the windows of her cell were always drawn; and if any of the passers-by loitered near and tried to look in, they were immediately driven away. There has been some slight dispute as to the date of her decease, but her tombstone states that she died on February 4, 1810, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The Governor of Moscow and the other great officials attended at her funeral in full uniform, and the crowd of lookers-on was enormous. She was not buried in the cemetery of the convent in which she had lived, but in that of the Novospassky monastery. It is a fitting resting-place for one who had led a quiet life, for it is a very quiet spot, although lying close to one of the large streets in the outskirts of Moscow. The graves seem somewhat huddled up together, and have rather a neglected look, but there are trees which throw a pleasant shade on them, and in the fine weather of spring and early summer the birds sing pleasantly and flowers grow around in profusion. Even an acknowledged princess might find a worse place to sleep in.

So much as regards the real Princess Tarakanof, of whom but little has been written. Now for the pretender to the title, on whom much ink and sympathy have been expended.

About the year 1771, a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant, fled from Ghent, where he left a wife and several creditors, and took up his residence in London. With him came a Madame Tremouille—a lady who had been living in Berlin under the name of Franck, and in Ghent under that of Schöll. She is said to have been very beautiful, although with a slight cast in one eye; and as she was both clever and accomplished, and had a singularly fascinating manner, she succeeded in charming most of the persons with whom she was brought into contact. She and

Van Toers lived in great style in London, but before long fresh creditors obliged him to leave England. In the spring of 1772 he appeared in Paris, under the title of the Baron Embs, and thither he was followed, a few months later, by Madame Tremouille, who now began to call herself the Princess of Vladimir. Her story was that her parents, with whose name she was unacquainted, had died while she was very young, and that she had been brought up in Persia by an uncle. This uncle was taking care of her property, which was of fabulous value, and she herself had come to Europe for the purpose of looking after a rich inheritance which had accrued to her in Russia.

Alina, as she called herself, spent the winter of 1772 very pleasantly in Paris, where she added greatly to the number of her admirers and of her creditors, prominent among the former being Oginski, the Polish Ambassador, with whom she became closely allied. But before long Van Toers again became crippled by debts, and in 1773 he had to fly with Alina and some of her friends to Frankfort. Even there his creditors persecuted him, and he was put in prison. Fortunately for Alina, there arrived just then in the city a very foolish sovereign, Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg. The fair foreigner was introduced to him, and almost at the first interview completely won his heart. He paid her debts, and treated her with such royal magnificence that she soon deserted her other admirers for him, and in the beginning of June 1773 she left Frankfort and went with him to his castle in Franconia.

There she led a life of luxury and extravagance which exactly suited her, and there she discovered for herself a new family history and provided herself with a new title. She became now "the Sultana Alina," and as the daughter of a Turkish Sultan was styled "Princess of Azof;" moreover she founded the Order of the Asiatic Cross. A little later, however, she explained that she was only "a lady of Azof," not the princess of that country, and that she would soon be recognized in Russia as sole heiress to the property of the house of Vladimir. Meanwhile the Prince of Limburg became more and more infatuated with her, and at last asked her to marry him. She consented, and it seemed as if after all her wanderings and adventures a quiet and enviable life was about to open before her.

But about this time a young Pole named Domanski began to make his appearance at Oberstein, where the "Princess of Vlad-

mir" was then holding a kind of court, and before long she was in close correspondence with several of the Polish nobles, especially with Prince Charles Radziwill. Poland was then smarting under the injustice of the "First Partition," and Radziwill was taking an active part in the proceedings of the Polish committee into which the leading members of the late Confederation of Bar had formed themselves. The successes gained in the east of Russia by Pugachef — the insurgent chief who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III. — had raised the hopes of the Poles, and they were anxious to take advantage of them in order to set a western insurrection on foot. How far their advice may have swayed the action of the "Princess of Vladimir" is not known, but before long rumours began to spread abroad to the effect that she was no less than rightful heiress to the throne of Russia, being the legitimate daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky; and that Pugachef, who was the Count's son by an earlier marriage, was her half-brother. With an imperial crown in view no wonder that she disdained the merely princely coronet of the ruler of Limburg, and in the spring of 1774 she left him, never to return.

From Germany she went into Italy, settling down for a time at Venice, where, under the name of the Countess Pinneberg, she set up a kind of little court. She lived in the house of the French Resident, spent her money freely, and allowed herself every indulgence. Her principal visitors were Poles, but the captains of two Turkish frigates, Hassan and Muhammad by name, were often at her receptions, and so was a well-known English traveller who had a strong taste for all manner of eccentricities — Edward Wortley Montagu. After a time she determined to go to Constantinople, with the idea of trying to persuade the Sultan to support her claim to the Russian throne. Accordingly she and all her court embarked on board one of the Turkish vessels, the commander receiving her with the greatest respect, and treating her as a royal personage. The ship set sail, but contrary winds drove it to Corfu, whence its captain determined to return to Venice. Several of the followers of the Princess went back in it, entreating her to accompany them; but she would not do so. They left her, and she embarked on board another Turkish vessel, and a second time set sail for Constantinople. But a second time a storm arose and the ship was obliged to take refuge in the harbour of Ragusa. In that city the Princess took up her habitation

being lodged there, as before at Venice, in the house of the French consul. The French king was said to look with no unfriendly eyes on her opposition to the Empress Catharine.

At Ragusa the Princess matured her plans. By way of confirmation of her story, she now produced certain documents of a very suspicious nature, amongst them the wills of Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth, on which she founded her claim to the throne of Russia. She also wrote a letter to the Sultan, suggesting an alliance with him against Catharine, and saying that Sweden and Poland were willing to take part in it; and she sent the Grand Vizier a copy of the letter, which she asked him to forward to her half-brother, Pugachev. She did not know that Pugachev was at that moment a fugitive, soon to be betrayed to the Russian general; nor did she suspect that her friend Radziwill had given secret orders to his agent at Constantinople not to forward the letters she sent to his care for the Sultan and the Grand Vizier.

In her letter to the Sultan, the Princess spoke of an address which she had communicated to the Russian fleet at Leghorn. That fleet was commanded by Count Alexis Orloff, and it was to him that she addressed herself, sending a letter to him which she entrusted to the care of Mr. Wortley Montagu. In it she called upon Orloff to espouse her cause, styling herself Elizabeth II., Princess of Russia, and distinctly claiming the throne as hers by right. Orloff received the letter with delight, and immediately sent it on to the Empress Catharine, telling her that he intended to enter into communication with his correspondent, and that as soon as he could get her on board his ship he would sail straight away with her to Cronstadt.

Catharine sent word to Orloff to get hold of the pretender at all risks, even telling him — if his own account of the matter may be taken as correct — that he was to bombard Ragusa in case the senate of that republic refused to give her up. On the receipt of this letter, Orloff sent an agent to make inquiries at Ragusa about the Princess Elizabeth, and was about to proceed there himself with his squadron, when he learned that she was no longer there. By this time her affairs were in disorder, and her prospects sadly overclouded. Peace had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, and Pugachev had been taken prisoner and executed, so that Catharine was freed from her most serious apprehensions. Radziwill, seeing that his plans were no longer practicable, abandoned the unfortunate adventurer

whose cause he had pretended to espouse so long as she seemed likely to be useful to him. But when asked to betray her, he utterly refused. That act of baseness he left for Orloff to perform. But he did not shrink from leaving her at Ragusa alone and without resources.

From Ragusa the Princess went to Naples, where she made acquaintance with the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, through whose influence she was enabled to obtain a passport, with which she immediately set off for Rome. There she lived for some time, giving herself out to be a noble Polish lady, and professing to wish to lead a life of great seclusion, making few acquaintances, and never going out except in a carriage with closed windows. The truth was, her health had begun to give way, and for a time she really did lead a quiet life in acquiescence with her doctor's advice; but so uncongenial a mode of passing her time did not long satisfy her. Meanwhile, she was not unmindful of her interests. Announcing herself as a penitent schismatic desirous of entering the Roman Communion, she tried to make friends at the Vatican. At this time there was no Pope at Rome, for a successor to Clement XIV. had not yet been elected. Cardinal Albani was talked of as likely to be chosen, and the Princess was very anxious to obtain an interview with him. At last, on January 1, 1775, one of her Polish companions managed to convey a letter from her to the Cardinal, who sent an abbé, named Roccotani, to confer with her. On him she produced a very favourable impression, and even the Cardinal, in spite of the state of pre-occupation in which he then naturally was, could not help being interested in the fair convert, who explained that she was likely to become the Empress of Russia, and would do her best in that case to wean back her subjects from the errors of schism. But she succeeded only in getting a small amount of money from him. Further assistance he would not give, nor would the Polish Resident at Rome, who treated her with marked coldness. As she had taken once more to leading an extravagant life, keeping some fifty servants, and opening her rooms to a large circle, chiefly persons of artistic tastes, she was soon in want of money. In her distress she bethought herself of Sir William Hamilton, and wrote him a long letter explaining her claims to the throne of Russia, her present impecunious position, and the absolute necessity of her borrowing a little money. This letter alarmed the English ambassador, who had no wish to compromise himself in the eyes of the Russian au-

thorities, and he determined to make amends for his error in obtaining her passport. So he sent on the letter to the English consul at Leghorn, Sir John Dick.

Throughout the whole of this story our countrymen figure to little advantage. Sir John Dick plays a very sorry part indeed, but he had always been on very friendly terms with the Russian authorities, and especially with Orlof, who procured for him the much valued decoration of the Order of St. Anne—the only instance of a Russian decoration being conferred on an English subject in the eighteenth century.

Sir John Dick seems to have been ready to do anything for Orlof, and at once handed over to him Sir William Hamilton's letter. Up to this moment Orlof had been unable to trace the movements of the victim he was hunting down. Now he knew where to find her. A few days later he was able to send word to the Empress Catharine that one of his officers, Khristenek by name, had been sent to Rome to try and induce the pretended Princess to leave that city, and to place herself within reach of the arm of Russia.

A few days later an English banker named Jenkins introduced himself to the Princess, and offered to open an unlimited credit at his bank for her. At first she thought he came from Sir William Hamilton, but he explained that his employer was Orlof, to whom he had been recommended by Sir John Dick. A vague suspicion flitted across her mind, and at first she refused the tempting offer. About the same time a stranger had been observed curiously gazing at the house she occupied, and asking questions about its inmates. She immediately suspected that he was a Russian agent, and she sent to Cardinal Albani to ask for protection. But the stranger presented himself to her, and explained that he had been sent by Orlof to proffer her his services. At first she told him, as she had told Jenkins, that she did not require them. She justly suspected danger, and she kept herself aloof from the toils. But, unfortunately, it was only for a time. A few days later she yielded to the temptation, listened to Khristenek's advice, and, in accordance with it, set out to meet her doom. About the middle of February, after having had her debts paid by Jenkins, from whom she also borrowed 2,000 ducats on her own account, she set out for Pisa, where Orlof was anxiously awaiting her. On her arrival, he received her with the greatest respect, had her magnificently lodged and entertained, and treated her as a royal personage. The suspicion she had felt at first with regard to

his sincerity soon vanished, and before long she believed in him implicitly. A little later she learnt to love him also. Nor is that to be wondered at, for Orlof was one of the finest and handsomest men of his day, and a consummate master of the art of making love. Intriguer and adventurer as she was, the Princess was entirely taken in by his feigned attachment, and abandoned herself to him with as enthusiastic a devotion as if she had been an artless and inexperienced girl. Orlof played his part well, and refused her nothing. Relying on this, Khristenek was guilty of the unexampled baseness of asking her to obtain for him his promotion to the rank of colonel. She consented at once, and he received his commission from the hands of the unfortunate woman whom he had helped to betray, and whose doom he now felt was sealed.

After a few days, which she passed very happily, Orlof told her that he must leave her for a time. His useful ally, Sir John Dick, had written to tell him that his presence at Leghorn was absolutely necessary. The Princess tried to induce him to stay in Pisa, but he told her that it was impossible. "In that case," she said, "I will go to Leghorn with you." Orlof wished for nothing better. At last, he felt, she was on the point of being in his grasp.

The morning after her arrival at Leghorn, Orlof sent a message to Sir John Dick, to say that he was coming to dine with him; and in the afternoon he appeared with Admiral Greig and several other friends. With him came the Princess, who was received with the greatest apparent respect by the consul and his wife. In the evening she appeared at the opera, where she was naturally the centre of attraction. Every eye was turned towards her, and to almost every spectator her position must have seemed a most enviable one. They little knew that she was then standing on the threshold of a dungeon.

The next morning the English consul entertained his Russian friends at breakfast. The Princess was the queen of the feast, every one striving to do her honour, and none, it is said, more than Lady Dick and the wife of Admiral Greig. After breakfast the conversation turned on the subject of the Russian ships, and the Princess expressed a desire to see them. Orlof suggested that she should pay his vessel a visit, and she consented at once. The Admiral's barge was got ready, and the whole party embarked in it. In a short time Orlof had the delight of seeing his victim set foot upon the deck of his flag-ship.

It was a beautiful day. The waters of

the bay were calm and bright, and the whole spectacle offered to the poor adventuress was very gay and enlivening. The people flocked to the shore in crowds expecting to see the fleet execute some of the manœuvres to which Orlof had accustomed them, and pleasure-boats came off to the ships in numbers. The Russian vessels were decked out with flags, their officers appeared on deck in full uniform, their crews manned the yards, and, amidst the roar of cannon and the cheering of the sailors, the doomed woman was received on board the vessel of her betrayer. She was in high spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant spectacle got up in her honour. A little time passed, and then the vessels began to manœuvre. The Princess stood looking on in silence. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice demanding from her Polish followers their swords. She turned, and saw that Orlof and Greig had disappeared, and that in their place stood a file of soldiers under arms, whose commanding officer was in the act of arresting her friends.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"You are arrested by order of the Empress," was the reply.

The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. She fainted away, and during her state of insensibility she was carried down to the cabin. Her followers were removed to another vessel.

When she recovered her senses, and asked for Orlof, she was told that he also was a prisoner, and was thus induced to believe that he was sharing her fate. She fully trusted in him and in his love for her, and he was anxious that she should not be undeceived, for he feared that she might commit suicide if she lost all hope, and he was very desirous of gratifying Catharine by providing her with a living victim. Meanwhile the news of her imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the greatest indignation was produced by it in Leghorn. Some of the boats which surrounded the Russian ships, in spite of the threats of the sentries, got near enough to the Admiral's vessel to enable their occupants to see the pale face of the unfortunate prisoner at one of the cabin windows. The story of Orlof's audacity and treachery became known at Pisa and at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany protested vigorously against the act of violence committed within his realm. But the Russian Court paid no attention to his protests.

The day after her arrest Orlof went to see Sir John Dick, and asked for some books for the Princess to read. He looked

pale and excited, said the English consul afterwards—and he well might be. The next day the Russian fleet put off to sea, but Orlof set off for St. Petersburg by land. This was in the second week of March 1775.

Before very long the fleet arrived off Plymouth, and remained at anchor there for some little time. It was during this stay in English waters that the poor woman whom Orlof had betrayed first learned his perfidy. Up to that moment she had remained tolerably calm, always hoping that he would manage to rescue her. But at last, while the vessel lay in Plymouth harbour, the full truth was revealed to her, and she was made aware that Orlof's love for her had been feigned throughout; that he had all along been merely leading her on to her fate, and that he had now gone to Russia in order to claim his reward for having ensnared her. And this was the man who had professed such devotion to her, whom she had so fondly, so blindly loved. After the first stunning influence of the shock had passed away, she made a desperate attempt to escape. An English vessel was lying alongside the Russian man-of-war on board of which she was confined, and she tried, but tried in vain, to get to it. Then she attempted to fling herself into the sea, and was only withheld from doing so by force. On two or three different occasions she tried to drown herself, and at last Admiral Greig was obliged to quit Plymouth Roads sooner than he had intended, so nervous was he about the proceedings of his now desperate prisoner.

On the 29th of April the Russian fleet reached the Sound, and on the 22d of May cast anchor off Cronstadt. On the 4th of June an officer named Tolstoi was sent for by the Governor of St. Petersburg, Field-Marshal Galitsin, and, having been sworn to eternal secrecy on a copy of the Gospels, was sent to Cronstadt to receive Admiral Greig's prisoner, and to convey her to the Petropavlovsky fortress at St. Petersburg.

Silently, by night, the vessel which bore Tolstoi on his errand dropped down to Cronstadt. During the ensuing day that officer remained in concealment on board the Admiral's flag-ship. The following night, while all on board the surrounding shipping and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores were fast asleep, his vessel silently made its way back up the stream to St. Petersburg. Before the sun rose on the 6th of June Tolstoi had handed his prisoner over to the commandant of the Petropavlovsky fortress, who conducted her to one of the casemates in the Alexief ravelin.

During the month of June the nights are

delicious as St. Petersburg. The air is full of a kind of magic light, and long after the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and long before it reappears, the sky is tinged with delicate pink and amber hues on which the eye is never tired of gazing. Seen from the opposite side of the river, the waters of which are bright with reflected light and colour, the fortress, with its long, low walls, and its tall and graceful spire, rises dark against the eastern sky. Very dark and dreary it must have seemed then to that unfortunate woman, who, just as the sunlight began to fall on the gilded domes and spires of the sleeping city, passed within the granite walls of that prison-house from which she was destined never to emerge.

As soon as Catharine heard that her enemy was at last in her power, she ordered her to be subjected to a close examination, in hopes that some light might be thrown upon the intrigues with which she had been connected, and the supposed conspirators of whom she had been the tool or the ally. Accordingly Prince Galitsin examined and cross-examined her and her fellow-prisoners—for her Polish followers were also lodged in the fortress, though not allowed access to her—but without arriving at any satisfactory result. She maintained that she did not know who her parents were, that she had been at first brought up in Kiel, but at nine years old was taken away into the interior of Russia, where some one gave her poison, from the effects of which she suffered for more than a year; that she was then sent to Bagdad, where a rich Persian took charge of her till she was eleven, when she was removed to Ispahan, where she passed under the care of a Persian prince, who told her that she was the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Russia. That at the age of seventeen the Prince took her to Russia, and thence to Germany and England. That she spent two years with him in London, and afterwards went to Paris, and that she soon afterwards met the Prince of Limburg, to whom she became betrothed.

All these statements she repeated many times, and it was found impossible to obtain any other story from her. This obstinacy on her part so greatly irritated the Empress that she wrote to Galitsin, telling him to have recourse to "rigorous measures" in his treatment of the prisoner. Accordingly he gave orders that she should be put upon prison fare, and have only just as much of that as was necessary to sustain life; that her servant-maid should be denied access to her, and that an officer and two soldiers should be stationed day and night in her

cell. These orders were carried into effect. For two days and two nights she underwent the indignity of being continually watched by guards, who never quitted her for a moment. All that time, too, she passed without taking food; for the gruel and cabbage-soup, which were served up to her in wooden bowls, were so revolting that she could not touch them. Meantime her health became rapidly worse, the cough from which she had been suffering for some time increased, and she began to spit blood. At last, by signs, she managed to explain that she wished to send a letter to the Governor, and writing materials were supplied to her. On receiving her letter, which contained a pathetic appeal to his feelings and those of the Empress, Galitsin paid her a visit, and again tried to extract some information from her as to her accomplices, but without success, although he went so far as to threaten her with "extreme measures." On leaving her cell he told her that she must not expect any mitigations of the hardships she had lately endured, though in reality his heart was touched by her sufferings.

Galitsin was a man of more than usual kindness, and could not bear to see a young and attractive woman—one, moreover, accustomed to an easy and luxurious life—exposed to such sufferings and such indignities as she had to undergo. She was also evidently in a state of such physical and mental prostration, that her life did not seem likely to be much prolonged; and so, in spite of the distinct commands of the Empress, he found himself incapable of continuing the "rigorous measures" which had proved so fruitless. Before quitting the fortress he gave orders that the severity of her treatment should be mitigated, and that the sentries should no longer be stationed inside her room.

Meantime her two Polish fellow-prisoners had been examined by Galitsin, and every means taken to obtain some useful confession from them. One of them, Domanski by name, declared that it was merely love for her that had made him follow in her train, and that even now, if she would marry him, he should consider himself the happiest of men; even though he had to spend the rest of his life in a prison. Some hope seems to have been held out to him of the possibility of such marriage, and Galitsin suggested the idea to the Princess—if we may be allowed still to give her that title—but she treated it with contempt, saying that Domanski was far too contemptible and uneducated a man for her to think of as a husband even if she were not

bound by her plighted troth to the Prince of Limburg. Galitsin then tried to obtain a confession from her by promising that, if she would say what her origin really was, she should be allowed to go back to her betrothed in Germany. For a time she seemed to waver in her denial of all knowledge of her history, and promised to send Galitsin a full account of herself; but when the paper which he thought would contain it arrived, there was no new information in it. Whether she really had none to give, or whether she distrusted Galitsin's promises, is not known. All that is certain is that nothing more was ever learned from her respecting her former career.

About this time, tradition states, Orlof came to see her, and a stormy interview ensued. The story is not at all probable, and it is to be hoped that it is not true. But what is certain is, that a little later, in the month of November, she bore her betrayer a son. The child was christened in the prison, and it is said that it thrived, and eventually grew up to man's estate, and became an officer of rank in the Russian service. Anyhow, its mother did not long survive its birth. Her strength had altogether given way under her sufferings. For she had suffered much, and yet had been treated with much of the old severity. The soldiers had been brought back into her room, in spite of the pathetic appeals she made to the Empress, saying, as she well might, that the constant presence of men beside her "shocked her womanly nature." The consumption which had seized on her made rapid progress, her cough became worse and worse, and at last she lay down to die. A priest was sent for, who exhorted her, as upon the threshold of the grave, to make full confession of her sins against the Empress. But she still maintained that in this respect she was not to blame, and the priest at last left her without giving her absolution.

On the 15th of December, 1775, she died, carrying with her to the grave the secret of her birth. The next day the sol-

diers, some of whom had stood by her bedside till she drew her last breath, dug a deep hole in the ground within the walls of the fortress, and buried in it the body of the unfortunate adventuress. No funeral rites were performed over her grave. Catharine's revenge was complete.

Two years later occurred the terrible inundation of 1777, when the Neva rose to such a height that the casements of the Petropavlovsky Fortress were submerged under its waters. In spite of the secrecy which had been preserved with respect to the so-called Princess, rumours had got about that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was kept in confinement in the fortress, and after the inundation a story gained credence that she had been forgotten or intentionally deserted in her cell, and so had been drowned by the rising tide.

Two years more passed by, and the cell in which the adventuress died received another inmate. This was a young Guardsman named Vinsky, who had become compromised in some political conspiracy, and who was ultimately exiled to Orenburg. While occupying his prison-quarters in the fortress, he amused himself by deciphering the inscriptions which previous inmates had left on the walls. One day he observed some writing on one of the panes in the window, and on closer inspection he made out the words, "O mio Dio!" which had evidently been scratched with a diamond on the glass. The warder told him that they must have been the handiwork of a young and beautiful lady, who had occupied the cell four years before. This was the last trace which remained of her existence, unless a little mound be taken into consideration, which, as late as the year 1828, was still visible in the garden of the fortress, and which was said to mark the spot where, at the end of her restless and wasted career, Orlof's victim found repose. Who she really was, and what was the secret of her early life, are problems which to this day remain unsolved.

LORD PALMERSTON'S Diary is written in a hand only a little less firm and graceful than Walpole's, but it is quite as legible. It is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and sketches, in all of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master. It is,

besides, something more. A scene between the writer and the Duke of Wellington, when Mr. Huskisson's dismissal or his being retained was in dispute, is of the very highest and finest style of serious comedy: graphic, dramatic, and so life-like that the actors seem bodily before us.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE SECRET OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

THE new number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article of deep and painful interest, in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe undertakes to explain the mystery of Lady Byron's married life and the cause of her final and absolute separation from her husband. As is well known, Lady Byron refused to make any specific public statement on the subject during her life, or, indeed, any public statement whatever, beyond that wrung from her in defence rather of her parents than of herself by the harsh and ungenerous perversions of Moore's biography. In her brief letter to Moore she said simply that her father and mother had nothing whatever to do with her departure from her husband's roof; that she left him by his own express desire, conveyed in writing, and under the impression that he was insane; that his sanity being attested on evidence she could not doubt, she felt that his conduct rendered it impossible for her to return to him. Indeed, all that she told her family, when imparted to Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington, led her legal advisers to the conclusion that Lord Byron's errors might be condoned and a reconciliation effected. It was only when, upon Lord Byron's refusal to agree to a separation, Lady Byron herself went to Dr. Lushington, and told him the whole story without reserve, that he assented to her view that "duty to God and man" alike demanded a separation, and declared it to be impossible for him, either professionally or otherwise, to take any part in again bringing together wife and husband after what had taken place. Lord Byron, for reasons which have been variously construed, was equally vague. While confessing in general terms transgressions on his own part, he endeavoured, at first by innuendo and afterwards more openly, to ascribe his ruin to the "cold treason of the heart," the harsh "fixed rules and principles" of his "moral Clytemnestra." He died with an inarticulate message to his wife upon his lips. Although the drift of opinion has been on the whole against the poet, Lady Byron's nobly patient and pious life exercising a natural influence in her favour, it is obvious that the slender facts which alone were known were capable of very various interpretations, and left abundant scope for controversy of every kind. Macaulay probably summed up the judgment of most impartial men when he said that there was not before the world, substantiated by credible or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was

more to blame than any other man on bad terms with his wife. Lady Byron's legal advisers had no doubt pronounced against her return to her husband, but then they had heard only one side of the story, and, without impugning Lady Byron's veracity, it was not difficult to conceive the possibility of misconception on her part. It cannot be said that the various letters and memoirs which have since been published throw any additional light upon the subject. The Countess of Guiccioli's book is only the special pleading of a mistress for her lover, and the biographies which have been given with the poems have in the main adhered to the line of Moore's defence. Dr. Lushington, till now the only known depository of Lady Byron's disclosures who survives, has always maintained a rigid silence; and it seemed as though the secret would be kept at least for some time longer, if not for ever. For our own part we do not know that if it had never been divulged there would have been any reason for regret. The question is one which might willingly have been let die but for the indiscretion of the poet's admirers, who could not refrain from spreading cruel insinuations and imputations against others in their eagerness to vindicate his character.

In 1856 a cheap edition of Byron's works was in preparation. It was to be accompanied by a biography of the poet, giving the story of his domestic life in the version of his friends. This was brought under Lady Byron's notice, and she was urged by some of her friends to consider "whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth, and whether she did right to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods." In her perplexity and embarrassment Lady Byron bethought her of taking counsel with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who was then on her second visit to England, and with whom she had previously formed an intimate acquaintance. It was her desire, we are told, to recount the whole history to a person of another country and entirely out of the whole sphere of personal and local feelings which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be assisted in determining whether it was her duty to declare the full and absolute truth, at whatever expense to her own feelings. "The interview had almost the solemnity of death-bed avowal." Lady Byron recounted the miserable experiences of her married life, her husband's alternate moods of gentleness and fury, and then the

terrible hour of revelation—"an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, she saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy." Previous to his marriage he had fallen "into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society." Even when Lady Byron knew all she would neither leave nor betray him. Hence two years of passionate convulsive struggle, in which sometimes the good angel seemed for a moment to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with seven-fold vehemence. The wretchedness of this period was attended with perpetual pecuniary troubles. Ten executions for debt were levied in the house, and each time settled by the wife's fortune. "Lord Byron argued his case with himself and her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind," repudiating Christianity as authority, and asserting the right of every human being to follow out what he called the "impulses of nature." Her answer to his corrupting theories of marriage as a friendly alliance to cover licence on both sides was simply, "I am too truly your friend for this." Thus rose in his breast impatience of his wife as a restraint, hatred of her as conscience. The unmanly brutality with which he treated her just before the birth of her child, and afterwards, telling her, for instance, suddenly of her mother's death—a falsehood invented on the moment—and finally, ordering her departure as soon as she was fit to quit the house, seemed to justify suspicions of his sanity.

For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room and stopped to caress his favourite spaniel which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-by," offering at the same time her hand. Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantelpiece, and, looking round on the three that stood there, with a sarcastic smile, said, "When shall we three meet again?" Lady Byron answered: "In heaven, I trust." And those were her last words to him on earth.

Yet to the last the good woman was full of faith and love. She tended fondly not

only her own Ada, but the offspring of this hideous intrigue. Even the partner of her husband's guilt afterwards experienced her gracious and loving influences, and from a death-bed looked to her for help and consolation. In Byron himself she had unshaken faith through all. "How could you love him?" some one asked. "My dear," she said, "there was the angel in him." One day she was sure the angel would conquer. She made allowance for his defects of constitution and training, and especially for his gloomy Calvinistic proclivities, and had no doubt of his repentance and redemption.

Such is the story which Lady Byron confided to Mrs. Stowe, and which the latter now feels bound to publish in answer to calumnies lately revived and multiplied. That we have here the reason which caused Lady Byron to refuse all communication with her husband cannot be doubted, but how far her belief in the story was justified by facts or was a mere hallucination we are as far from knowing as ever. Dr. Lushington, perhaps, knows more, and some day may choose to tell it.

From The Spectator.

1848-1851: A GLANCE BACK AT A PRESIDENCY.*

THERE is not a more obscure or forgotten period of modern history—though it is not a quarter of a century behind us—than, in the life of the leading Continental nation, that of the three years all but ten days which extend from December 10, 1848, to December 2, 1851,—the period of Louis Napoleon's constitutional Presidency. The *coup d'état* itself and its surroundings have been shown in lurid light by writers such as Victor Hugo and Mr. Kinglake, but it would seem as if the very glare of that light threw into shade both the preceding and following years, but more especially the former. Every one remembers the February revolution, the Provisional Government, the June slaughter, the Cavaignac dictatorship, the vote of December 10, and yet all these events fall within less than ten months of time. The three following years are for many almost a blank. A vague impression has remained that the Reds were very fierce and dangerous, the Parliamentary leaders very small and incompetent; that the Parliamentary meant to have upset the President, and the President upset the Parliament.

* *Der Achtzehnte Brumaire des Louis Bonaparte.* Von Karl Marx. Zweite Ausgabe. Hamburg: Meissner. 1899.

In the absence of a more detailed history (the materials for which are hardly yet accessible), Dr. Karl Marx has rendered the political student a real service in reprinting his "Louis Bonaparte's Dixhuit Brumaire," originally, as he tells us in the preface, published in 1852 in a German-American magazine, and now reissued in its original shape, with only a few corrections of the press, and with the excision of a few no longer intelligible allusions. At a time when Louis Napoleon is apparently returning to the practice of a constitutional polity, nothing can be more apposite than the exhibition of the mode in which he formerly carried out such practice.

The exhibition, is, indeed, one by no friendly hand. Dr. Karl Marx, since those days of 1848 when he edited the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, with Engels, Freiligrath, Lassalle amongst his fellow-workers, has been a leader of the German Social-Democratic party, and especially since the publication of his (cruelly unreadable) work "Das Capital," has been looked upon as its most learned thinker. In a note to the latter work he asserts, indeed, that Lassalle borrowed from his writings, without indicating the source, all the general theoretical positions contained in the economic works of the latter, adopting even Dr. Marx's terminology. An able, laborious, sharp-witted sharp-tongued man; bitter in thought, bitter in words; never blinded by favourable prejudice towards any; too really learned to be merely cynical; too cynically-minded to make a really fruitful use of his learning; altogether a characteristic, clear-cut specimen of the modern German Reds, in whom righteous disbelief in the world's idols is not yet completed by righteous belief in aught higher; whose only capacity therefore, whose only task is destructive; whips and scourges in the hand of One whom, and whose worship, they seldom, if ever, name but to sneer at.

It would give, however, an altogether false impression of the value of Dr. Marx's work, if what has been said above led the reader only to look upon it as a virulent pamphlet. It is real history, full of thought, and with all the leading facts ably and clearly massed, whilst the absence, as above noted, of all favourable prejudice, whether as respects parties or individuals, gives to it a positive, though acrid impartiality. Though in his "Misère de la Philosophie" Dr. Marx did his best long years ago to quench the then growing fame of Proudhon, he now readily quotes the insult which the latter flung at Ledru Rollin and his exiled friends:—"Vous n'êtes que des blagueurs."

Exchange banks and co-operative associations are alike contemptuously dismissed as "doctrinaire experiments," and nothing can exceed the bitter disdain with which the writer repeatedly speaks of the "Montagne." And the importance of Dr. Marx's work as contrasted with such pieces of rhetoric as "Napoléon le Petit" consists (as the writer himself indicates in his preface) in the fact that whilst V. Hugo represents the *coup d'état* almost as a thunderclap from a clear sky, Dr. Marx seeks to show "how the struggles of classes created circumstances and relations which enabled a mediocre and grotesque personage to play the part of a hero." "As the Bourbons," he says elsewhere, "were the dynasty of a large land-ownership, as the Orleans were the dynasty of money, so are the Bonapartes the dynasty of the peasants. . . . Not the Bonaparte who submitted to the Bourgeois Parliament, but the Bonaparte who drove it asunder, is the elect of the peasants."

Dr. Marx divides the nearly four years which elapsed between the February revolution and the *coup d'état* into three periods: 1st, the February period proper, lasting till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly (February 24 to May 4, 1848); 2nd, the period of the Constitution of the Republic, or of the Constituent Assembly (May 4, 1848, to May 29, 1849); 3rd, the period of the Constitutional Republic, or of the Legislative Assembly (May 29, 1849, to December 2, 1851.) At first the President has nothing to do but to let others work for him. Under the Barrot-Falloux ministry the Roman expedition is undertaken, behind the back of the Assembly and in the teeth of the Constitution. The "party of order" shows him how to appeal to the people against the Parliament by organizing a system of petitions throughout the country praying the Constituent Assembly to dissolve itself speedily, how to overawe the Parliament itself by a display of military force. Amongst the "organic laws" of which it procures the postponement is one for the enforcement of the responsibility of the President, which, by a divine irony, the Legislative Assembly was only engaged in discussing in 1851, when the *coup d'état* cut short its babble for ever. By May 8, 1849, he feels himself already strong enough to reply to a vote of censure on the Ministry for Oudinot's occupation of Cività Vecchia, by a complimentary letter to the General, inserted the same evening in the *Moniteur*. When the Legislative Assembly meets, the first direct attack upon the President is warded off by the party of order itself—i. e., Ledru Rollin's proposal to impeach him and

his Ministers for the Roman expedition (June 11, 1849), followed on its rejection by various impotent demonstrations on the part of the Mountain, the flight of Ledru Rollin and some other leaders, the trial of others before the High Court of Bourges, and the renewal of the state of siege in Paris, Lyons, and five departments; whilst Bonaparte profits by the occasion to post a Pecksniffian proclamation on the walls of Paris, complaining of the calumnies of his opponents. During the recess, from August to October, 1848, he begins those tours through the departments which he has since so often used to restore the prestige of his rule. By November 1 he surprises the Assembly through the sudden dismissal of the Barrot-Falloux Ministry, as having failed in proper consideration for him, and forms a cabinet of all but non-entities, one only excepted, whose acceptance of office secured the favour of the "haute finance," Fould. Still, he lets the dominant party of order rule pretty nearly at its will, bidding only for personal popularity by proposals for increasing the pay of non-commissioned officers, or for gratuitous loan-banks for the workmen, allowing without complaint the passing of the law of May 31, 1850, which, by requiring three years' domicile as a condition of the franchise, to be proved by the employer for the employed, struck off three millions of voters, and accepting a rebuff in the reduction by nearly a third of a civil list of three millions of francs which he had applied for, the grant itself being limited to one year. But in the recess, the President betakes himself once more to his departmental tours, this time in greater state, and surrounded by members of the "Society of the 10th December," founded the previous year in honour of his election, now organized with a Bonapartist General for its head, evidently a standing menace against republican freedom. He dissolves it indeed on paper, on a denunciation by Yon, the Assembly's police commissary, of a section of the society as having plotted the murder of General Changarnier, and of Dupin, the President of the Assembly. But he has already taken the first steps towards the corruption of the Army, by treats of cigars, champagne, cold fowl, and sausages, first to officers, and non-commissioned officers at the Elysée, then to soldiers at St. Maur, at Satory. To the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" already raised on his passage in the departments by the Decembrists responds that of "Vive Napoléon! vivent les saucissons!" from the cavalry, at the Satory review (10th of October); and General Neumeyer, whose infantry defiles in silence,

is removed from Paris, and throws up his new appointment in disgust, whilst Changarnier only replies by a solemn order of the day.

On the 12th of November the President sends to the Assembly a long message, warning them that "France desires, above all things, rest;" declaring that, "bound by one oath only," he will keep within its "narrow" bounds, but suggesting a revision of the Constitution. Towards the end of the year, the Assembly, on the application of the minister of justice, dismisses the too zealous Yon. In January, the "bulwark of order," the renowned Changarnier, is himself dismissed by a new ministry. In vain the "party of order" combines temporarily with the Mountain in a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry in rejecting a new civil list. The new majority is again broken up through the proposal for the revision of the Constitution, resolved almost into its elements through the fusion manœuvres between Orleanists and Legitimists, and the proposed candidship of the Prince de Joinville. The announcement by the President (10th October, 1851) of his resolution to restore universal suffrage establishes an open breach on a popular question between him and the Assembly, which, by a fatal vote of 355 to 348, rejects a bill brought in for the purpose by the Ministry, thus finally alienating the masses.

On the 25th November, at the giving-away of the prizes won by French exhibitors at the first London Exhibition, the President inveighs, amidst thunders of applause, against demagogues on the one hand, and monarchical hallucinations on the other, and promises "rest" for the future amidst an equal storm of bravoos. This was the last warning of the catastrophe now near at hand, of which Dr. Marx truly observes that "if any event ever cast its shadow before long prior to its coming, it was Bonaparte's *coup d'état*,"—proposed by him to Changarnier in January, 1849, denounced obscurely by Odillon Barrot in the summer of that year, openly by Thiers in the winter of 1850, proposed again to Changarnier by Persigny, in May, 1851; threatened over and over again at every new storm in Parliament by the Bonapartist journals, the talk of all Paris in September and October which preceded it.

Dr. Marx is right. The *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, was but the logical result of the years preceding. And if, under the new régime of the Parliamentary Empire, the struggles of parties are as barren, as impotent, as insincere as those which ate out of the soul of the Parliamentary Repub-

lic, they will end in like manner by a blow, — but scarcely, next time, from above. Sausages and champagne may prepare a despotism; they cannot restore one.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HENRI QUATRE AND THE PRINCESS OF CONDE.

IN the days of Henri Quatre, the nobles were everything in France, and nearly all of them were discontented. The Leaguers were vanquished and suspected, and consequently turbulent; the Huguenots considered themselves abandoned, perhaps betrayed, and were, therefore, indignant; and the Feudalists — the Epernons, Montmorencys, and Bouillons — those men who had played precisely the parts of the old Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne during the religious wars, were restrained and disgusted. Henri could depend on none but the men he had made, and, as Biron proved, not always on these. Here were excellent materials, then, for sedition. While Spanish policy provided one skilful to organize the mischief, in the person of its ambassador, the quarrels between the Queen and the great mistress — the Marchioness of Verneuil — supplied the opportunities.

Mary de Medici was a bitter, jealous woman; nor did she find any lack of busybodies to keep these qualities from rusting. In fact, she made the King wretched at home; and his mistress did not fail to render him just as miserable abroad. The Marchioness had drawn a ridiculous promise of marriage from Henri during his bachelor days, and though she had herself failed to fulfil its one queer condition, she insisted that the King should be bound by it just the same. Affecting, therefore, to consider herself as the rightful Queen of France, she omitted no opportunity of denouncing Mary de Medici as "the usurper;" and the Florentine, well informed of this, retorted with right goodwill on the "insolent pretender." Each lady bewailed her wrongs, asserted her rights, and scolded the King in terms so coarse and offensive that the chivalrous Henri confessed more than once to a strong inclination for boxing both their ears; and as neither could obtain the repudiation of her rival, each concentrated her wrath on the head of the unfortunate monarch. Now, as both the one and the other had her knots of devoted and unscrupulous adherents, and used them pretty freely, too, in

intrigue and plot, Henri was kept for the rest of his life in a very lively state of commotion. Thanks to her children, the Queen retained her position to the last; but the Marchioness became at length so intolerable that her children were withdrawn from her control, and herself in a great measure disgraced — an event which merely unbridled the dangerous qualities of the most dangerous woman in Europe.

Henri, however, could not exist without a mistress, and there were innumerable candidates for the place, and much excitement among the supporters. There was no politician of any standing, no dowager of any pretence, no intriguer of any note who had not a beauty to advance. The brother of the Chancellor, Sillery, brought out one, and Mesdames Ragny and Chamblivert, near relatives of Sully, paraded others; but the courtiers generally disdained to offer even this slender sacrifice to decency. Montmorencys and Trémouilles, Turennes and Rochefoucaults — they engaged in the dishonouring competition with as much effrontery as La Varenne himself. Among the crowd of pretty starters, Jacqueline de Beuil, representative of the boudoir of the Dowager Princess of Condé, was for a long time the favourite. And for a time she looked as certain to win as favourite ever did. But on this, as on many another celebrated occasion, a complete outsider upset all calculation; and this was how it happened: —

Madame de Sourdis, aunt of Gabrielle d'Estrées, had gathered great wealth as the chaperone of that lady. Since her niece's death, she had never ceased prowling about in search of another such protégée. While thus employed, she marked the rare promise of Mademoiselle de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the rough old Constable, and quietly took measures for securing this child of fifteen as her daughter-in-law. The Constable — the best rider, most unlettered gentleman, and, in some respects, greatest sinner then in France — was easily persuaded; and, had the Countess been anything less notorious, she might not have failed. But, as it happened, the courtiers were soon aware of her proceedings. There was no mistaking her design; and all were virtuously indignant; but nobody more so than the Montmorency dames. And the chief of these — the veteran Duchess d'Angoulême — who, by the way, had long been at her wit's end for a beauty capable of holding her own against Jacqueline de Beuil — promptly interfered. The arrangements were nearly completed between the Constable and the

Countess when the Duchess appeared on the scene. Haughtily chiding her relative, who had not a word to say for himself, and the intrigante, who had a great deal, Madame d'Angoulême tore up the documents, distributed a little lady-like abuse, and carried off her niece to court.

The new belle was altogether peerless. Some were as graceful, others as perfect in form, and one or two of even brighter intelligence; but there was not one so bewitchingly natural. Not that the purely natural is always bewitching. Society, indeed, would hardly be tolerable were it not so largely artificial. Still there are individuals to be met with, from time to time, whose unrestrained is the perfection of loveliness — people whose looks, reflecting their temperament, realize at all ages Dante's conception: —

La bella creatura,
Bianca vestita, e nella faccia quale
Par tremolando mattutina stella.

The creature fair,
The white-robed one, within whose features
shone
The tremulous beauty of the morning star.

And Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorency was one of these. "*Sous le ciel il n'y avait lors rien de si beau* (under heaven there was nothing so exquisite)," says Basompierre, and there could not have been a better judge.

Early in the winter of 1608 the Queen gave one of those splendid entertainments — half banquet, half spectacle — so common in the palaces of the period. The ballet was, as usual, a bewildering jumble of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian mythology; but it was none the less effective, seeing that it was got up "regardless of expense," and that the characters were supported by the choicest beauties of the court. In assigning the parts the King wished to include one of two ladies of light repute and exclude the other; so did the Queen. But as the one detested the individual that the other favoured, and neither would give way, there resulted a serious quarrel. The Queen, of course, carried her point, and Henri absented himself from the pageant. In retaliation, his amiable consort persisted in repeating her ballet much oftener than was requisite, and, of all places in the world, in her lord's ante-chamber. To show his appreciation of this delicate attention, Henri carefully averted his eyes whenever he was compelled to pass the performers. Delighted with this, and determined to be as mischievous as possible, the latter ranged themselves one day in close order right

across the passage; Henri, in spite of himself, was brought to a halt *vis-à-vis* with the Montmorency. After some very pretty mockery of military exercise, the damsels, attired as Amazons, raised their javelins and attitudinized as if about to hurl them. This, of course, they did not; but the execution was none the less. Henri was pierced to the heart, and, to use his own words, "*pensa s'évanouir*" on the spot.

He was led away and deposited in his fauteuil; but whether overcome by love or gout — to both of which he was very subject — is a matter that we shall not attempt to determine. Whatever the cause, he certainly was laid up for several weeks. The ladies crowded to comfort the interesting invalid, and among the most assiduous was Madame d'Angoulême, attended, of course, by her beautiful niece. Henri was the best talker of the day — full of racy anecdote, shrewd remark, and hearty wit — with unequalled experience of heady fights and hairbreadth escapes, and the capacity of a Scott for describing them; and he did his utmost to entertain the pair — succeeding so effectually that, to her dying day, some forty years later, the younger lady delighted to review these conversations with a hero.

Not long before Henri had very seriously resolved to abandon gallantry for ever. In return his confessor, Father Cotton, promised him a fair share of heaven, and Sully a very tolerable slice of earth. The great Minister had long devoted himself to the moulding of France into a formidable engine of war; and now that the thing was done — France being protentously strong, while all the States around were lamentably weak — the calm powerful intellect drew Henri from his dissipation, much as a skilful hand unsheaths a trusty blade; and, showing him the means and the opportunity, laid before him a plan of conquest contrived and calculated to the minutest detail. Of men, stores, money, and allies, there was more than enough; gold by the ton lay in the treasury; the magazines were overflowing; one army was even now gathering under the Alps, another beneath the Pyrenees, and a third along the Rhine; the Pope was bribed from open opposition; all the Protestant Powers were warm allies; there was nothing wanted but a reasonable excuse — a thing soon to be expected or easily made — and then "*Woe to the vanquished*" Habsburgs! Henri kindled at the prospect of such magnificent war and triumph. Glory for the time assumed the sway; and under its influence he forswore rather hastily dogs, dice, building, and beauties.

But this good resolution lasted no longer than the interval between the old love and the new, and evaporated under the glances of the Montmorency. At first, indeed, Henri talked of platonic, fatherly affection, and that sort of thing; but his deeds told quite another story. Tailors, jewellers, poets, and painters were soon at work by royal order as they had never been before. Court life became a ceaseless revel in honour of the new divinity. And equally in her honour the white plume was reset, and the threadbare grey of Henri — heretofore the most slovenly monarch in Europe — exchanged for all the glitter that had characterized the costume of the gallant Francis. In a week or less he was all his old self, and platonic were thrown to the winds. By this, too, Malherbe had produced an ode, every line of it a day's work — for he was the most fastidious of word-builders; and the King and a chosen few — that is to say, four or five score — went to sing it under the lady's window. It was late, but she rose; and in recognition of the honour, appeared on the balcony *tout échevelée*, with torches blazing at either side. The King looked up and saw her more beautiful than ever, and — swooned away. "Jesus, qu'il est fou!" muttered the lady. Rather more of a rogue, say we, who have no faith at all in this swooning of a greybeard, and, as slang has it, so old a hand. The trick, however, served its purpose, and it was well seconded by a thousand others. Glittering presents, too, fell around her in some such shower as overwhelmed Danaë; and, in no long time, a sufficient impression was made to warrant the first great step in this all-absorbing affair — the lady's marriage. This was rather a delicate business. A Montmorency could not be treated like a Beuil and wed to the first needy scamp that offered. No: her husband must be, as our neighbours across the channel phrase it, "noble and respectable" — qualities rather difficult to find in unison with certain others, not less essential in this instance. But fortune, always favourable to Henri, had already provided him with the requisite paradox in the person of Bassompierre.

Bassompierre, then a young and favourite courtier, was essentially a man of pleasure. He had a fine person, dressed well, said good things, and was remarkably lucky at play — a luck, by the way, that was thoroughly appreciated by himself as by others. "Come," said the Duchess of Guise one day, "take 10,000 livres a year, and play no more with the Duke." "Not I," replied the exquisite, "I should lose too much by the bargain." He had tact, for

he always fleeced the right man, as in this instance; and never betrayed the wrong woman, not even in the case of the younger sister of Madame de Verneuil. True, she made noise enough about it, courting public sympathy, engaging in lawsuit after lawsuit, and, though defeated, calling herself Madame Bassompierre to the end of the chapter. But this affair — one that would have ruined any other gallant — merely added to Bassompierre's renown. He had, indeed, a way of doing ugly things that was infinitely engaging; and he ruined people with such well-bred ease and graceful magnanimity that the very victims could not help admiring. So adroit was he in plucking his flower, and so successful in avoiding the thorns; so clever in shunning awkward scenes, and still more awkward meetings — seldom or never figuring in a duel or as the butt of a bravo's aim, things that cut short so many promising careers in those days — that he became quite proverbial; every man that dressed or dined in neater style than his neighbours being pronounced a Bassompierre. And yet this social meteor would have been as duly and as utterly forgotten by this time as the rest of his worthless tribe, had he not had the fortune to be connected with people who distinguished themselves otherwise than by repartee and raking.

After all Mademoiselle de Montmorency did not wed Bassompierre. The thing was arranged, indeed; but certain jealous churls — notably the Duke of Bouillon, uncle of the lady — awakened the monarch's jealousy of the dashing gallant, and pointed out a more eligible party. This was the young Prince of Condé, and no greater contrast to Bassompierre could well be found. The one was everything that the other was not. Bassompierre was large, handsome, good-humoured, and hearty; the Prince was little, meagre, sullen, and fierce, with sharp pinched features, and *un blond ardent*. The former was a superficial debauchee; the latter was strictly moral, and had solid knowledge enough for a professor. Unlike Bassompierre, the Prince was a good horseman, a first-rate shot, and an ardent chasseur; and equally unlike Bassompierre, he was shy and awkward in society, and had not a particle of gallantry in his composition. Besides this, he was notoriously poor, and dependent on the Crown; while his mother, who exercised much influence over him, was ready to do everything to secure the royal favour. "Just the man!" said Henry eagerly. "He will occupy himself with the chase, and leave her to be the consolation and amusement of my age."

But Condé was in no haste to wed the

beauty; and when he did consent it was only in accordance with the advice of his friends, especially the historian De Thou, and swayed by weighty reasons. Though first prince of the blood, his title was not undisputed. A frightful scandal had clouded his birth. The previous Condé was asserted to have died a double victim; and the present Prince had been born in prison and brought up there, a nameless child—until his seventh year—until, in fact, chiefly through the ceaseless and most disinterested efforts of De Thou, he had been pronounced a true Bourbon. This had taken place in 1595, and the Prince was now twenty-one; and his uncles, Conti and Soisons, were ready at the first favourable opportunity to contest the award which rendered him head of their house. Nor, as things stood, was such an opportunity at all unlikely to present itself. An alliance, however, with the powerful Montmorencys would place him beyond their reach. United to a daughter of that great house, even the Crown itself would hardly venture to revive against him the scandal of the page Belcastel. As to the perils that attended the union—these were not small. Nobody attached much value to Henri's declaration when Condé questioned him on the point: "You may wed her without any suspicion on my account." Had there been no better guarantee, one romantic episode would have been lost to the history of France. But De Thou, the chief adviser in this matter, knew the stubborn temper of his protégé—that he would never play the facile husband. And he knew, too, that however the Montmorencys and their haughty kindred might appear to bow before their monarch, their feelings would be all in revolt, and indirectly they would aid the right. Nor was this all. Coronation was in those days as indispensable to King and Queen as baptism to Christians. Now Mary de Medici had never been crowned. Each new passion of Henri's, therefore, shook her on her uncertain throne; and she was continually in apprehension of the grand one that was to topple her out of it. De Thou was sure of her. And he was equally sure of the vindictive mistress. Besides, there were Huguenots, Spaniards, and Jesuits, all very powerful, all apprehensive of the projects of the monarch and Sully, and all eager for such an opportunity to thwart these projects as a broil between Henri and the Prince on such a delicate point would be sure to furnish. On the whole, great as was the power, small the scruple, and strong the passion of the King, De Thou considered it possible to baffle him should things come

to the worst; and as the object was worth risk, the marriage proceeded.

It took place on the 17th of May, 1609, and before a fortnight had passed all France was in uproar. "Henri," says the Duc d'Aumale, in his recent book, "forgot all that he owed to himself, all that he owed to a prince of the blood, his own near relative, and to whom he should have stood in the place of a father. This love, which everything commanded him to stifle, was exhibited before all the world. Unable to separate himself from its object, he sought to please her in a thousand ways. Though heretofore so simple, almost negligent, in his costume, he became the veriest fop of the day. Nay, further, to decoy this young wife, he did not scruple to resort to discreditable manoeuvres. Great was the scandal. Coarse pleasantries flew about among the populace, who—as l'Etoile reports—'spoke only too freely of his Majesty, and of the corruptions and the villainies of his court.'" The pulpit, too, adopted the theme vigorously. Every preacher became a Nathan for the nonce; and sermons on the text of David and Uriah transmitted the scandal to the remotest districts. Nor was this done merely on the spur of the minute, or with a view to the interests of faith and morality. Three-fourths of the French clergy were bitterly hostile to Henri. They distrusted his conversion, and dreaded his relapse to the last; and they devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the Spanish King, whom they regarded as the champion of the Church. The League had awakened these loyal gentlemen to a sense of the power they might exercise over affairs of State, and they did not soon forget the lesson. During the whole of Henri's reign, they were ready to exhibit his vices and himself to the contempt and hatred of all good Christians, on the slightest signal from Rome or Madrid. And that signal was not now withheld. Nor while they pandered thus to the gross tastes, and stimulated the angry passions of the mob, did they neglect the parties chiefly concerned. Every present the King made, every attention he paid, every tortuous step he took in this matter, was minutely reported to the Queen. Sully endeavoured to calm her, but without success—"she was quite furious." The Prince, too, was indignant, and showed it; but as yet made no violent display. So long as careful surveillance could suffice, he confined himself to it. The "obsessions," however, quickly attained such dimensions that he felt himself compelled to demand his "*congé*." The

request was badly received. Then followed a warm discussion, in the course of which Condé happened to drop the word "tyranny." Henri seized the excuse. "Tyranny!" he cried: "tyranny! Yes, I have perpetrated one such act in my life — when I caused you to be recognized for — what you are not." Condé withdrew in wrath. Meeting Villeroy on the stairs, he was detained and questioned concerning his excitement by that remarkable cunning Minister. The Prince gave a short explanation, adding with natural warmth, "Rather than submit to such treatment, I will be divorced." This was duly reported in the "proper quarter," where it was manufactured into a formidable auxiliary at the "proper time." For a day or two Henri did much to justify the remark that had excited his fury. He wrote to the Constable, informing him that "*son gendre faisait le diable*:" a piece of news that in nowise disturbed old Montmorency. And he informed Sully, in a similar note, that the Prince was certainly possessed; adding that the Minister was to withhold the next quarter's payment of the demoniac's pension. Henri, however, was not the man to play such a spiteful part for any length of time. In a few days the financial order was cancelled, and the Prince allowed to retire to his Château of Valery, near Sens, without hindrance.

The King's infatuation now displayed itself more glaringly than ever. Henri betook himself to violet robes and long faces, indulged in sighs, threw himself by the hour under melancholy boughs, and kept poor Malherbe employed day and night in the manufacture of doleful ditties. He manifested, indeed, all the signs and tokens of extravagant affection; and he took good care that every item should be told to the Princess. All the world thought him demented; and Spain, especially, took malicious pleasure in calculating that this last worst passion would withhold him from enterprises dangerous to his neighbours, until he had degenerated into absolute dotage.

But Henri was not quite so bewitched as most people fancied. In the midst of all this foolery, Sully's great plans were pushed vigorously. The newly-opened German difficulty concerning the Duchies of Juliers and Berg was made the most of. Clever diplomatists were busied, like moles, everywhere across the frontiers, and the last touches were given to internal arrangements. Henri had even ordered the armour in which he intended to take the field. And all this passed well nigh unnoticed under cover of the great scandal.

Nor was it thus only that Venus played into the hands of Mars. Henri burned to present himself before the Princess decorated with glories of the freshest hue. For, to say nothing of those gathered at Cahors and Contras, the laurels of Amiens, Arques, and Ivry were growing sere. And thus, far from paralyzing his ambition, this mad passion was stimulating it to the most dangerous activity.

The Condés reappeared among the courtiers at the marriage of the Duc de Vendôme, but only for a few days. The passion of the King was as lively, his proceedings as unscrupulous, and the pleasantries as impertinent as ever. The Prince therefore retreated quickly with his wife to his hold at Valery. Thence the King did his utmost to tempt them, and not without effect, though not precisely of the kind intended. They left Valery, but it was to take up their quarters at Muret, rather farther off, and suspiciously convenient to the frontier, in Picardy. Long as was the route, Condé contrived to lengthen it by at least one half. Aware that his movements were closely watched, and perpetually apprehensive of being intercepted, he took his measures accordingly, — modifying his itinerary at every stage, striking off into all sorts of byways and bridle-paths, and taking a thousand other precautions, but not a single one too many, against surprise. He reached Picardy in safety towards the end of September, just as the hunting season fairly opened; and he made his well-known inclination for *vénérerie* a pretext for frequent change of residence.

French sportsmen of that era were wont to hold high festival on St. Hubert's day, and M. de Traigny, governor of Amiens, was, or assumed to be, an ardent upholder of such good old customs. To his château, then, in the neighbourhood of Breteuil, gathered for the fête all the noble chasseurs of the province, and among them Condé, accompanied of course by his Princess. His mother, whom some new rebuff had disgusted with the court, looked after the latter while the Prince was at the chase; and her charge would have needed all her eyes had she possessed as many as Argus. For at every turn, and under a hundred different disguises, they encountered Henri. "Why, that's the King!" exclaimed the dowager, penetrating the masquerade at last. "Mon Dieu, so it is!" replied her charge, from whom propriety at once demanded a scream, and got it. The Prince hastened home in extreme perplexity, for there was no longer a spot in the kingdom where he could hope for security.

A royal birth being expected, Condé was summoned to be present thereat, as was usual with Princes of the blood; and he came—but alone. Hardly had he reached Paris when he was sent for by the Queen, and his secretary by the King. Mary warned, nay besought, the Prince to look well and closely to his wife, and gave him clearly to understand that things had gone too far for the Princess to be trusted to other surveillance than his own. As for the King, he received the secretary with unusual harshness. "Your master," said Henri, "has informed M. de Villeroy that he desires to be divorced. Very well. Tell him from me, that I no longer oppose his wish, and that I will even undertake to procure for him the consent of all other parties concerned." This gave a new aspect to the affair. It was clear that Henri relied no more on mere seductive wiles—that he had found other and more effective aids. But what were these? An indiscreet remark was always an ugly weapon in despotic hands. Yet even during the worst ages the one in question would hardly have sufficed as the ground for such a proceeding. There was something else in reserve. It was possible that the Princess had been gained. The prospect of a throne was a strong temptation, and she might reiterate the royal demand. To repudiate, then, the sentence dropped to Villeroy, and to refuse the proffer of divorce point blank, would be to play the monarch's game. In that case he would instantly appeal to the Princess, who doubtless would answer as he wished, and Condé would be ruined; for behind the divorce lay the old process—the Belcâstel slander—and the one must infallibly set the other in motion. Nothing could tend to precipitate the divorce like the success of the slander; and nothing could so effectually aid the slander as the bitterness generated by the divorce. The situation was an awkward one for Condé. But at present it was with De Thou rather than the Prince that Henri had to do; and De Thou was fully as astute as any of the royal advisers. Next day Virey bore a formal reply to the King. Nor was it every secretary that would willingly have undertaken so much. For Henri in anger, and angry he was sure to be, was not just the man to be crossed with impunity. Virey, however, was no commonplace secretary. He was a singular compound of the daring soldier, erudite scholar, shrewd man of the world, and devoted adherent. After distinguishing himself on the right side at Coutras and Ivry, he had won a doctor's degree at Padua; and he was now the trusty and trusted friend

—rather than servant—of Condé. The Prince's reply avowed the remark made to Villeroy; declared the writer ready to take advantage of his Majesty's permission in the matter of divorce: requested to be allowed the necessary legal assistance; and assumed as granted that, according to custom in these cases, the lady was to await the decision in her husband's house. Thus the Princess was, for the present at least, withheld from taking a principal part in the suit. This was not quite the reply the King expected, and certainly not the one he desired; he would have preferred more heat and less submission. In this particular shape it deranged all his plans, and offered not a line that could turn to his advantage. It was so well drawn up, indeed, that he could not help remarking as he read,— "A right legal document this,—Condé's hand, but not his head,—smells all over of the president (De Thou)." He was beaten; there was no help for it,—nothing left him but the poor comfort of bullying the secretary, and that he took at once, accusing Virey of giving bad counsel, and commanding him to change his conduct under pain of the severest displeasure. "I am an honest man," said Virey, looking the King straight in the face, "and an honest man I intend to remain." "Ah," said Bassompierre, in a stage whisper, "what a jewel of a man!" adding with a significant look round, "Quite a pearl before swine." Henri laughed, and went off on another tack,—affected to speak with indignation of the bad treatment which the Princess received from her husband; regretted that he was not still King of Navarre, and therefore precluded from declaring himself the lady's champion, and defying Condé to mortal combat; and finally dismissed Virey with this message for his master,— "Let him conform speedily to my wishes, and take good care that he does not use the least violence to his wife, or—"

While this was going on at the palace, the Prince was closeted with Sully at the Arsenal. Nearly everybody had an object to promote in this matter, and the statesman was not without his. The thing had served him well hitherto as a cloak for his hostile preparations; and he saw that it might still be made to mystify the Spaniards and the Austrians,—blind them to the gathering storm of war, and hold them inactive to the very last. Sully was, in his sphere, a sort of political destiny. Men and their passions were his instruments. He used them as the exigencies of the State required. He would have flayed his dearest friend, and made a drum of his skin, had such a pro-

ceeding been requisite for the good of France. He would have pandered to Henri, or supported Condé, had policy exacted either course. And he acted now, neither as a courtier, nor a moralist, nor a man of honour; but solely and strictly as a statesman. He neither warned nor threatened, nor besought nor advised, nor even remonstrated. He displayed with sardonic clearness the resistless might of the King and the utter helplessness of the Prince. And he showed how greatly existing laws, usages, and prejudices favoured the design of the former, and tended to disable the resistance of the latter, until Condé felt that he had no resource but flight. "There goes a man who won't be eight days longer in France," muttered the Minister, as the Prince withdrew. The latter went straight to court, put on a subdued, even a penitential demeanour, signified entire submission to the royal will, requested, and graciously obtained permission to escort his wife to Paris, and departed immediately, November 25th, 1609.

On the evening of the 29th the King was deep in his favourite nightly occupation—play. He was surrounded by a crowd of reckless gamblers and not a few sharpers. Conspicuous among the latter were the Portuguese Piemental, notorious for using loaded dice, and the Florentine Zanetti, who delighted to term himself "lord of seventeen hundred thousand livres." The tables were heaped with gold, and the pistoles changed hands by the thousand. Henri was a remarkably poor player, timid to venture, eager to win, very excitable, and easily disconcerted; nor was he above a little cheating when luck went hard against him; he would, indeed, have been rather an unpleasant antagonist, but for the palliative that he generally contrived to lose largely, sometimes to a startling amount. It might have been on this evening, as well as any other, that Bassompierre, playing against him, found a number of half-pistoles among the stakes. "How came these here?" said Bassompierre, picking them out. "Oh, you must have put them down yourself," replied the King. "Ah," said the beau, and instantly substituting whole pistoles, he flung the half ones out of the window among the valets who waited below. About eleven o'clock, when the excitement ran highest, the Chevalier Duguet entered, made his way through the press, and whispered to the King. All this was nothing unusual; indifferent characters often found their way to these revels, and the watch had frequently to exercise their office at the elbow of majesty. But it was an evasion,

and not an arrest, that was now in question. "Bassompierre my friend," said Henri, rising in great agitation, "I am undone—ruined—lost! She is gone! He has carried her off—taken her into a wood—perhaps to kill her! Who knows! Look after the game—I must learn the particulars." Just then a weary man, besplashed from head to foot, was led forward. The play ceased—every one rose. The new-comer's tale was soon told: he was an archer of the guard, on furlough, and had started that morning from Muret—the Prince and Princess flying about the same hour for Flanders, with his father for guide. The latter, to shelter himself from the royal wrath for his share in the business, had sped his son to court with the news. The King was overwhelmed, the Queen radiant; and the courtiers borrowed and exaggerated the looks of King or Queen according to their leaning. Concini and one or two others grinned, while Sillery and La Varenne, grey-headed intriguers both, fell into each other's arms and sobbed outright. It was very touching, or would have been had Messire Guillaume the Jester refrained, as he ought to have done, from bobbing their heads together. The squabble that ensued roused Henri from his woeful abstraction, the Jester was transmitted to the kitchen to be whipped—the usual reward of an untimely jest—and the palace cleared of all but the confidants and the Ministers. Messengers too were hurried over Paris after such as were absent, and in fact for everybody, friend or foe, who was likely to know anything. De Thou and the Prince's old tutor, Lefevre, were soon on the spot: the former, calm and collected, denied all knowledge of the Prince's movements, which at the same time he did not hesitate to justify. As to Lefevre—a simple-minded, unworldly old bookworm—what with his attachment to the Prince, his profound awe of the King, the strangeness of the scene, the suddenness of the event, and his lively apprehensions, he was completely beside himself, and wept like a child. They could not draw a word from him. So irresistibly comic was his distress that even Henri had to laugh; and, all things considered, the latter was little, if at all, less ridiculous. He paced the chamber with irregular steps, his head down, and his hands behind his back, stamping and giving vent to all sorts of exclamations. The Queen and courtiers ranged themselves the while close against the wall, not daring to speak. Councillors arrived every moment, most of them half asleep, and one after another their opinions were commanded.

No time was allowed them for reflection; speak they must; and whatever advice they hazarded was followed at once, no matter how contradictory to what had preceded. Couriers were hurried off with orders for the governors of the various frontier-posts — and other couriers to countermand these orders; officers were despatched on every track that the fugitives might have taken, and other officers sped in directions that by no possibility they could have taken.

One wiseacre recommended that they should close the gates of the city, another that they should sound the tocsin, and a third that they should take measures to secure all the Hibernian beggars, who, as l'Etoile tells us, were then very numerous, and not particularly popular, in Paris. Not a thought was given to the futility of even the best of these measures, to the great start that the Prince had obtained, and the impossibility of overtaking him. Just then came Sully. He was the hardest-working and most regular man in France; rose early, went to bed betimes, and when couched showed himself, as his countrymen say, "the friend of sleep." He was very angry at having been disturbed at such an hour and for such a purpose. "What's to be done?" questioned Henri. "Nothing," grumbled Sully. It was the best advice of the night, but it was not followed. Next entered Henri's "honest man" — he who drew up the oath of 1593, pledging all true Catholics never to recognize the Bourbon as King, even though he should make a sincere recantation, and who, five years afterwards, rendered the Edict of Nantes too favourable to the Calvinists — he who devoted himself to the economic régime of Sully, and who became the humble agent of the extravagance adopted by the regency of Mary de Medici — the man always eminently faithful to the ruler *in posse*, that singular reflux of the passions of the hour — the President Jeannin. Hitherto advice had observed some bounds; but Jeannin's was as wild as violence could desire. By his recommendation, Chaussée, exempt of the Guards, was hurried away, with orders to cross the frontiers in pursuit of the Prince. On finding Condé in any town *out* of the kingdom, the said Chaussée was to address himself to the governor and magistrates, and, explaining his commission, and displaying his credentials, require them to arrest the Prince and his suite, a service which his Majesty undertook to assure the said magistrates would be very acceptable to the sovereigns of the Low Countries. Hardly had Chaussée departed, when the Chevalier Duguet followed with identical instructions.

And, before morning broke, Rodelle, d'Elbore, and half a score others were flying in the same direction, on precisely the same errand. The broad day brought a little sober reflection. Even the King himself felt rather uneasy concerning the liberties which he had taken overnight with international laws and rights; and the too-ready advisers were at their wit's end for devices to rectify their very clumsy mistakes. However, as neither Chaussée, Rodelle, nor the others could now be recalled or disavowed, there was nothing for it but to back them up, and this was done by despatching Praslain, captain of the Royal Guards, to the Archdukes, with "explanations," and an official demand for the extradition of the fugitives. Meanwhile, Sully found pleasure in showing Henri clearly what a coil he had made by his precipitation.

As for Condé, he soon covered the distance between Paris and Muret, then, borrowing 4,000 livres from the Marchioness de Rouey, and making a few hasty preparations, he fled with the Princess two hours before daybreak on the 29th. His retinue was rather slender, consisting merely of his inseparable companion, the Marquis de Rochefort, the secretary Virey, two waiting-women, and three valets. The gentlemen being mounted, and the ladies in a carriage, the party took the nearest way to the Flemish frontiers. These were seventy miles off, as the crow flies, and probably ninety, when the windings were taken into consideration. The route was not a pleasant one at the best of seasons: it was always in wretched order, — a great part of it traversed forest-land, — and it was rendered additionally dangerous at this time of year by inundations. Besides, those were the palmy days of people who seldom figure anywhere now except in romance — the banditti. Scarce a year had elapsed since the extermination of the Guilleris, four noble brothers, who had long been levying "black-mail" in the west of France, at the head of 500 cut-throats. And there was no suitable cover in any part of the country which did not shelter similar pests, especially near the borders, where the simple device of changing kingdoms could always secure a knave from the consequences of his last crime. The great lumbering vehicle proved such an impediment in the miry ways that they were compelled to abandon it at night-fall. And though the rain fell — as it continued to fall during the rest of the flight — in torrents, the ladies were mounted *en croupe*, and the journey resumed. Nor did they pause for the next fifteen hours. The guide did all he could to embarrass them,

went wrong several times, and would assuredly have lost them altogether, had not Virey, ever on the alert, taken care to refresh his memory occasionally with the point of his sword or the muzzle of his pistol. But however acceptable to the Prince, Virey's zeal was anything but agreeable to the Princess. She would have given much for a good accident, though not quite on account of the hardships of the journey. The beauties of that day were not dainty in matters of travel. They would defy the weather, risk their necks, and tire their horses on occasion with the boldest cavaliers. But the Princess being no willing fugitive, the pelting rain and her high-trotting horse hardly tended to reconcile her to the path. Shunning every place where there was any risk of zealous officials recognizing and stopping them, the party pushed on through the dreary winter night, stumbling over fallen trees, plunging to the girths in roadside pools, and running considerable risk in fording the innumerable swollen torrents. At last they crossed the frontier, and pulled up at Landrecies about seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th. They were in a wretched plight; the Princess especially being "*mouillée jusqu' aux os*," spent with fatigue, and quite incapable of further exertion. Considering himself in safety, Condé determined to pause here for the next twenty-four hours. But when about to resume his route next day he found the gates closed against him. The exempt, Chaussée, with the instinct of a first-rate policeman, had hit at once upon the track of the fugitives, and following it steadily through all its windings, had reached Landrecies not many hours after them. Nor did he delay to execute his commission, to the consternation of the civic authorities, whom he placed in the position that, of all others, such people most detest. They dared not accede to his demand. They saw what an awkward thing it would be to allow a French policeman to exercise his craft upon Spanish soil. On the other hand, they dreaded to refuse him, and thus precipitate a great war between the Crowns. The one course was just as likely as the other to shake their heads off their shoulders. And they could not take refuge in the usual resource of irresolute spirits — procrastination.

The ten provinces were then under the government of the "Archdukes" Isabella and Albert, — a childless pair, the one in his fiftieth year and the other approaching hers. Albert had never been more than an average prince. As for Dame Clara Isabella, she is chiefly known to history as having made a vow at the siege of Ostend,

which originated a dingy hue, known then, and long afterwards, as "the Isabella colour." The court of the Archdukes was strictly moral, their policy as strictly Spanish; and having not long before extricated themselves from one harassing war, they manifested extreme repugnance towards everything that could by any chance involve them in another. To these princes the magistrates of Landrecies referred the matter of Condé, and with their messengers went Rochefort, bearing a short letter from his master, soliciting shelter and protection in rather humble terms. But their Highnesses were just as embarrassed as the magistrates; they refused to see Rochefort, and referred himself and his errand to the governor of the province. This nobleman, the Duke of Aerschot, in his turn could not risk the responsibility of dealing with a matter so grave, and referred it back to their Highnesses. Thus three days passed.

Meanwhile Condé was in no pleasant position at Landrecies. The magistrates would not give him up indeed; but neither would they let him escape. And every hour French officers and soldiers continued to flock in, each new comer more pressing towards the officials than his predecessors. And soon threats began to be mingled with their requests. Nor were these arguments confined to the syndics. Both menaces and entreaties were addressed to the Prince himself. Fortunately there was a singular lack of daring spirits among these messengers. A Trenck or even a Virey on that other side would have laid hold of the fugitives and settled the matter in a trice. But as it was, matters looked so threatening that Condé began to waver, and required all his secretary's firmness to eke out his own. On the night of 2nd of December Rochefort returned with the anxiously expected decision. This proved but a half measure that satisfied nobody. The Princess of Condé was granted an asylum at Brussels with her sister-in-law the Princess of Orange, — so much was done for honour. The pretensions of the French King were rejected, — so much was dared for the law of nations. And Condé was directed to quit the country in three days; as a sacrifice to that admirable principle, conciliation, — a principle, by the way, which generally means truckling. The moment the decision was communicated to the magistrates of Landrecies they got out of bed, hastened to the Prince, and besought him to observe it. Condé quitted their inhospitable walls that very night, and took the road to Cologne, which he reached on the 8th. A few hours afterwards the Princess quitted Landrecies

for Brussels in charge of Virey and a very feeble escort. They reached Brussels that evening, but the Prince of Orange was yet at Breda, and his palace was deserted. Virey had an anxious time of it for the next few days. Praslain he found at Brussels, and knowing him well, he looked from one moment to another for an attempt at abduction. Nor was he far wrong. The idea really did occur to the captain of the Guards. He cared not indeed to put it in practice without some slight countenance. That, however, he hoped to gain, from no less a person than Philip William, the Prince of Orange, and with this view he started at once for Breda. Instead of Philip William, however, he met the Princess Eleonore, his wife, the sister of Condé, a proud, haughty, and energetic woman, who gave the supple Frenchman such a reception that he was glad to hasten back to Brussels. A sudden stroke was no longer possible. Virey had put himself in communication with the steward of the Orange family, and a strong body of their retainers now garrisoned the hotel. Immediately after the Prince came up from Breda, and their Highnesses were expected hourly. Praslain understood that his mission was at an end, and returned to Paris.

By this time the policy of the Archdukes had undergone an honourable change. The insolent demeanour of the French at Landrecies, and the tone of their despatches, had excited the indignation of the Flemish and Castilian nobles at the court of Brussels. Spanish diplomacy, too, was glad of such a means of annoyance as Condé's case presented. But above all there was then a man in high command who would be no party to a truckling policy. This was the valiant and skilful Spinola, one of the few brilliant characters at once energetic and intellectual, which, appearing from time to time, showed that Italy, degraded as she was through those dark centuries, could still be the mother of Men. A Genoese merchant up to his thirtieth year, Spinola made his first essay in war at the head of an army raised at his own expense, and without training or experience, and with all the disadvantages of fighting on the losing side, he met the foremost captain of the age on a fair field and beat him. And Spinola was no less a statesman than a soldier. There is no stroke of modern statesmanship superior to that which erected Dunkirk into a counterpoise of the Dutch navy — building the nest and nurturing the brood of rovers who did more mischief to Holland than all the might of Spain. The recent truce had thrown the Marquis idle at an age when great spirits abhor repose. He alone of all

Europe had penetrated Sully's projects, and he alone, of all Henry's probable antagonists, exulted in the prospect of the struggle that these projects portended. "There must be no truckling here," said the high-hearted Italian, in reference to Condé; and in the Low Country Spinola's voice had all the weight of destiny.

Condé was summoned from Cologne and entered Brussels on the 21st of December. A brilliant company was assembled to meet him. Their Highnesses received him graciously, and his sister with affection. Spinola met him with the frankness of a soldier, and the sympathy of a mind to which honour was everything. Bentivoglio, not yet a Cardinal, greeted him with the perfect politeness, and searched him through with the cold piercing glance peculiar to the ecclesiastical diplomatists of the day. Gaudalete, the Spanish Ambassador, placed, in words at least, all the resources of Spain and the Indies at his disposal. And Bernay, the French representative, carefully observed the scene, and exulted in the marked coldness with which the Princess greeted her husband. Never was there a pair the subject of so much attention. Spanish and ecclesiastical intriguers thronged about Condé. French agents surrounded his wife, except when they were elbowed aside by admiration. And this was often, for everywhere her beauty received involuntary homage. It warmed even the guarded churchman into something of a Catullus. "She was most fair," wrote he, "full of grace, had sweet eyes," and so on in very unclerical strain. The Archduchess pronounced her angelic in everything except her passion for the King, which she excused as "sortilège." And the Archduke, dreading to be dazzled by this dangerous beauty, closed his eyes, or fixed them on the ground when he found himself in her vicinity. As for Spinola, "Mon étoile," said the Princess, speaking of him, "me destinoit à être aimée par des vieux."

Master and Ministers at Paris had now subsided into a settled system on this particular point. The Princess must be won back, no matter how. The *casus belli* also must be maintained as it stood until the campaigning season had fairly opened, but so maintained as to conceal the real purpose of the warlike preparations, and render the war itself apparently uncertain to the last. A great cry then was raised about Condé's flight; his anxiety concerning the Princess was denounced as mere pretence — but in such terms as to impose on nobody — and his real motive declared to be restless ambition. This was stated to

the various ambassadors, and reiterated in numerous despatches. The Archdukes and the Spanish King were rebuked for sheltering the fugitive. Condé himself was summoned to return, and war was menaced, as if such a thing had been unthought of hitherto, against all his aiders and abettors. But, as was intended, the Spaniards had little dread of the threatened hostilities. Henri as their agents, reminded them, was a Gascon, and greatly given to bluster; besides, he was too deeply immersed in pleasure for serious exertions; too fond of his vices to rise above them and devote himself through the hardships and perils of war to the attainment of a great object. The King himself did his part to fix them in the illusion. "Yes," said he to the Spanish Ambassador, as if disdaining the flimsy subtleties of his Ministers, and rising to a strength of interjection very unusual with him, "Yes, by —, I will have the Princess back, cost what it may!" And his confessor, Father Cotton, devoted Jesuit and staunch Spanish partizan though he was, had even a greater share in luring his friends into fatal security. He wrote again and again to the Archdukes deploring the infatuation of his royal penitent; he regretted, denounced, anathematized it. But, in view of the impending war, wherein the might of Catholic France was to be marshalled side by side with German heresy, to the great detriment of apostolic truth, he besought their Highnesses to terminate the difficulty by yielding up this Helen, urging in justification of the act all those subtle arguments which his order had invented to warrant convenient rascality. "Ah," said the members of the Spanish Council, "there is no mistake then; the Princess is indeed the cause of all these preparations. Very well. We can stave off the contest whenever we think fit: there is nothing necessary but to yield her up. Meanwhile the scandal is working shrewdly for us in France. To say nothing of plotting factions, there is a chance that Condé may turn out a second Constable; and there is a certainty that the orthodox enthusiasm now being roused by the clergy, will not pass away without some startling, and, so far as we are concerned, favourable result. For the present then we will keep the Princess."

And the Spanish calculations, were, to a great extent, correct. The religious mind of France was in powerful fermentation, and threw innumerable warning bubbles to the surface. Here accident revealed the minute-book of a knot of enthusiastic conspirators, containing a fearful oath of devotion to the orthodox faith, and of implacable

warfare against its enemies, followed by numerous signatures inscribed in blood. There some deeply contrived treachery was unexpectedly brought to light, and everywhere suspicious couriers went and came between external hostility and internal disaffection. In this corner Concini, Guidi, and Joanini — all Mary de Medici's Florentines — were almost openly conspiring; in the other, the Marchioness of Verneuil was in communication with the Spanish and Flemish ambassadors, and with the emissaries of Fuentes, Henri's sworn and deadly foe. Epemon, too, and the other surviving chiefs of the League, were putting their heads together with no very good intent. And that school of murder, the "Debating-Society," established at Rome not many years before by the Cardinal of St. George, was again active, and its agents — worthy successors of Barrière and Châtel — in motion. Nor were the usual moral weapons neglected. Due care was taken to prepare the national mind for a catastrophe. Every day brought its portents, meteors, monstrous births, or physical convulsions. Prophecy, that powerful engine of mischief in superstitious times, was brought largely into requisition; the dark sayings of the past were hunted up and repointed; and Nostradamus, the Abbot Joachim, and even Merlin himself, became once more authorities. Nor was astrology neglected: dismal horoscopes drawn up by such masters of the art as Le Brosse and Thomassin were in every hand. Even demons were revived for the occasion — that is to say, scoundrels of both sexes were instructed to counterfeit possession, and when sufficiently prepared, exorcised in public, being artfully questioned during the process concerning the King, his designs, and his ultimate fate; every word of reply being accepted by the credulous multitude as the utterances of the father of lies; and, therefore, according to the odd reasoning of our ancestors, infallible truth.

What with sermons, gossip, and interested reports, the affair was depreciating the King terribly in popular estimation. Nor did it spare either Condé or the Princess. The scandals concerning them were hardly less biting and not a particle less skilful. Henri's conduct could not indeed be justified, but a good deal was done to excuse it. And the process adopted was the good old one of blackening all round. Henri, it was urged, was not altogether in the wrong. He might possibly be too passionate, but then the Princess was far from being obdurate. And, while she was not unfavourable to the monarch's suit, she was

manifestly discontented with her husband, even anxious for a divorce. And it was whispered, not without sufficient reason, that the Prince was that odious domestic grievance, "a brute"—jealous, stingy, nagging, and not hesitating to use even personal violence. In confirmation of the worst of these whispers, the Montmorencys were induced to put forward formal complaints—a thing which gave rise to one very curious scene in full court. Old Montmorency hobbled up to Pecquius, the Flemish Ambassador, weeping and wailing his daughter's unhappy lot. "He maltreats her," sobbed the old man, drawing his sleeves across his eyes; "he scolds her because she won't caress Spinola. His gentleman, Rochefort, swaggers into her chamber with his pocket full of pistols, fires them off to her great terror, and swears that he will riddle any one he finds working ill to his master." Having thus conscientiously discharged a public duty, the Constable wiped his eyes, drew Pecquius aside, and whispered cautiously—"That was all very fine, but, between you and me, I greatly prefer my daughter where she is to having her at home with me at Chantilly."

As another step in deception, a formal embassy was sent to Condé. François Annibal d'Estrées, brother of Gabrielle, Marquis de Cœuvres, and afterwards Marshal of France, an able and unscrupulous man, was chosen for the mission. It is unnecessary to say more of his proffers than that they were quite insincere. He urged them, however, for three weeks—from January the 23d to Valentine's day—with all the earnestness of good faith; so well indeed did he play his part as to deceive everybody but Virey: the faithful servant was well aware that the Princess was in constant communication with the French court, that—through the wife of the French Ambassador, her waiting-women, and a hundred other agents—she continually received letters from Henri, and sent back replies. He might have heard too—since Henri was an inveterate chatterer, and invariably took all the world into the secret of his *affaires du cœur*—that the King signed those letters as the "Shepherd Celadon," and that the Princess subscribed herself the "Nymph Galatea;" that she addressed the monarch as her "dear heart" and her cavalier, and that he replied with "sweet angel," "divinity," and all the other high-flown terms of endearment in the passionate lover's handbook. Be this as it may, Virey had heard and seen enough to keep his fidelity watchful: besides he knew the Marquis, and was therefore doubly on

his guard; and he had good reason. Every one of these twenty-one days brought its neat little plan of evasion, to be quietly defeated by the secretary: for Virey seemed to have eyes in the inmost recesses of the plenipotentiary's cabinet, and he certainly had very watchful ones in most corners of the French court. Billets reached him hourly, some from the Queen, others from the Montmorencys, and a great many from anonymous correspondents, but nearly all containing valuable information: and so d'Estrées, without understanding how the thing was done, found himself traversed at all points—except one. Under these little schemes he was hatching rather a big one; but, unfortunately for his success, he happened to employ, among other loose agents, a certain fugitive from French justice, the Sieur de Vallobre, a man over whom the ubiquitous Virey by some means or other had acquired considerable influence. Vallobre was not indeed taken into the confidence of the Marquis; but he was a shrewd knave, kept his eyes and his ears open, and from one and another, a bit here and a bit there, picked up a good deal of the plot, and communicated it to Virey. The latter laid it before Spinola, and Spinola consulted their Highnesses: it was decided to act discreetly, and Condé therefore was not taken into the secret. But Spinola dropped a hint that the Princess would be safer in the palace: it was taken at once, the necessary application made and of course granted, and the next day, February the 14th, fixed for the removal. This was early on the 13th: great was the alarm of the plotters; once an inmate of the palace there could be no abduction. Nor could they procure delay. The Princess declared herself ill, but the court physician pronounced her indisposition too slight to interfere with the arrangement. She then caused it to be intimated to Spinola that a certain entertainment, frequently got up by ardent gallants, and called "The Violins," would not be unwelcome from him. Had the Marquis seized the suggestion, as his attentions gave some reasons to hope, several days would be gained; but Spinola was not to be duped, smiled sourly, says the recording gossip, and evaded the request. As a final resource, d'Estrées determined, however incomplete his arrangements, to carry off the lady that night. And had the secret only been kept, the plan was a very promising one. The Princess, who had already entrusted her letters and trinkets to Bernay, was to issue from the Hôtel d'Orange in the dress of a Fleming—which, as it

happened to include a large and thick veil, was remarkably adapted to the purpose. D'Estrées would be close at hand, and fifteen soldiers, concealed in the neighbouring alehouses, would secure her passage down the street that led to the ramparts. In these, a hole had been already bored; ladders, too, had been placed in the ditch; and Mannicamp, a daring captain, at the head of five and twenty troopers — picked men and horses — was waiting on the other side. A ride of six leagues *en croupe* would bring them upon the garrison of Rocroy, which was to cross the frontiers at nightfall. And if the pursuit should press before this great aid could be reached, why then the escort would undertake to bar the way with their swords quite long enough for the Princess to get clear off. It was not until late in the afternoon that Virey heard of this. Time pressed: measures had to be taken at once; nor was it longer possible to withhold the secret from Condé. And no sooner was it communicated than he acted like one beside himself. The Prince of Orange, little less exasperated, gathered his friends in arms "to take and kill all." Spinola also laid his plans; but rather more soberly. A lively night was that in Brussels. Sentinels paced up and down on all sides; large fires blazed, and troops bivouacked around the Hotel of Orange; and cavalry-pickets, preceded by torches, patrolled the streets. Indeed, the whole city was in uproar, for it was reported, and widely believed, that the French King was at the gates; and so he would have been, but for the strenuous opposition of his Ministers. Fully confident, however, of Cœuvres' success, he had not scrupled to announce openly that, by a certain hour on a set day, the Princess would reach Paris.

As for the plotters, Cœuvres was actually in the chamber of the Princess when the outburst of the tumult apprised them of their failure. He managed to escape undiscovered; and, next day, with a face of brass, he appeared before the Archdukes to denounce the proceedings of the night as uncalled-for, scandalous, and offensive in the extreme to the majesty of France; and to close his mission, by summoning Condé in due and solemn form to return to his duty. He was soon back again in Paris, where he was saluted as a "sot," because his edition of the "raptus Helenæ," after all his flourish of trumpets, had proved an utter failure.

A week subsequently to this stirring night, Condé started for Italy, in company with Virey and Rochefort, the Archdukes binding

themselves by oath not to give up the Princess without his consent. Why he took this cause we need not speculate, since it led to no particular result. He may have retired in confidence, for, after the last glaring scandal, abduction was no longer to be apprehended; or in disgust, caring little what further steps might be taken by King or Princess; or to weave a web of vengeance, in conjunction with his future host, Fuentes — the deadliest of Henri's numerous foes.

The alert of Valentine's day was the last open effort of the King. L'Aubespine, afterwards Chancellor of France, appeared indeed at Brussels, to demand the Princess in the name of her kindred; and the lady, whose situation — watched, distrusted, and scorned as she found herself — must by this time been well nigh intolerable, seconded L'Aubespine with all her might; but, as the Montmorencys took good care to repudiate in private all that was urged in their name in public, this mission also came to nothing.

May was now at hand, and with it the season for action. The magnitude of Henri's warlike preparations, and still more the nature of his arrangements for the government of France during the strife, showing clearly that he meditated no mere military promenade, but a long and serious conflict, alarmed the Spaniards. They lost no time in declaring that the Princess could no longer be allowed to stand in the way of an accommodation; but to their dismay the offer was refused with contempt. Nothing delayed the war but the coronation of the Queen, to which Henri had at last submitted, in order to give the necessary weight to her prospective regency. Two or three days more would bring that to a close, and then, completely unprepared, the Habsburgs would have to encounter France thrice more powerful than under Francis I., all Protestant Germany, Savoy, Venice, the Scandinavian powers, Holland, probably England, and possibly the Pope himself. What was to be anticipated but destruction. There was no force to withstand the French King; submission could not conciliate him, nor the wiles of diplomacy delay him. Nothing could arrest his projected march but the assassin's knife; and precisely, in the nick of time, Ravallac dealt the blow!

The trial of Ravallac was a mockery. The more important Spanish despatches of that week have disappeared. The death of Henri was succeeded by none of that inert astonishment which invariably results from an unexpected catastrophe. Within a few hours the government and policy of France

was rearranged to the satisfaction of all those who had so much to dread from the continuance of the old régime. What a change from the day preceding. Then the Habsburgs were shuddering on the brink of ruin; the Queen felt her new crown melting from her brow; the great seigneurs saw no escape from absolute submission; the Jesuits dreaded the repetition on a grander scale of the part of Henry VIII.; and the vindictive mistress saw a more fortunate fair rising to the position which herself had struggled so strenuously and so vainly to attain. "Yes," say Cotton, Epernon, Concini, Fuentes, Medici, Habsburg, and Verneuil, "the stroke was suspicious, we confess, and fearfully opportune. But for all that, believe us, it was wholly and solely the interposition of Providence." All very well, mesdames and messieurs.

The Princess of Condé was not yet seventeen, her husband scarce twenty-two. Af-

ter the death of Henri they fell out of the world's notice into comparative obscurity. He, naturally indignant at her previous conduct, in his turn took up the question of divorce; but, as was shown by his stern resistance to his great relative, and even more by his fury at the alert of St. Valentine, the all-conquering beauty had not failed to vanquish him. And she — her mischievous parasites removed, and her romantic illusion dispersed — was too winning to remain long a discarded wife. Friends, too, interfered: De Thou, Spinola, and Virey, — the faithful Virey, who lived long in the honour and prosperity he merited — not least. And, finally, a change of faction having thrown the Prince into the Bastille, the Princess completed the reconciliation by insisting on sharing his long, and otherwise dreary captivity, during which their children, the beautiful Duchess of Longueville and the "Great Condé," were born.

A NIGHT IN THE TEMPLE OF IPSAMBUL. — We slept in the innermost adytum — a small square sanctuary crowded with sculpture, having a rough-hewn altar growing from the live rock in the midst, and four carved statues of life-size, seated on thrones behind, facing the door. Two beds were laid for us on a thick carpet spread on the sand. The professor soon drifted off into the land of sleep. He needed no rocking. For me, neither poppy nor mandragora distilled their Lethæan dews. Long time I tumbled and tossed feverishly, vainly wooing the lull of thought that never came. Then half-dreamy slumber-clouds swept over me, gapped with intervals of weary consciousness. All at once I fancied I saw a pale light playing on the face of one of the statues behind the altar. "It is the will-o'-the-wisps dancing." I dreamed; and then, with that odd kind of reasoning that one perpetrates in dreams, I reckoned on the possibility of those serene and dignified deities descending from their thrones to take part in the revel. It struck me as incongruous, rather, that *ignes fatui* should come gadding into the temples to flirt with the gods. But then we were in Egypt, I remembered, and customs —. Whatever air-built fantasies my tired brain was thus weaving, there could be no mistake about the light. I saw it creeping over the lips of Anum Ra, and falling behind him on the painted glory of a cherubim's wing on the wall. Uneasy consciousness of this woke me fairly. What could it be? I listened; but no sound save the slumbering professor's measured music stirred the deep silence of that ancient sanctu-

ary. I rose rather nervously, felt in my coat for a candle, and struck a light. Somehow my foot stumbled over the altar, and laid me prostrate on the floor. For a moment the match flickered, and then went out; I was again in darkness. Much ruffled in spirit and temper, I picked myself up, and at that instant, turning to feel for my bed, the pale ray which had puzzled me fell full in my face. It was the moon. The moon! how came she in hither? Looking outward I saw her silvery light glinting through the whole vista of the temple. A glimmer on the columns of the inner courts, a sheen running along the salient sculptures of gallery, doorpost, lintel, osiride — on all, in fact, that lay in the track of that rippling wave-line of light; and beyond, framed in the dark sand-choked porch, a small patch of deep pure sky islanding a full-orbed moon. Thus, gradually I came to understand how a gleam from without would penetrate through intervening halls and transepts, and reach to this inner chamber where the gods sat in state. Probably the architect had ordered it so. Probably he had arranged angle and gradient so that, on certain days of the year, the sun should for a minute or two shine on the faces of the assembled concave. The moon likewise every month. For the sun-god and the moon-god sat there; and proud Pharaoh too, mantled as a deity, and emblazoned with his full-sounding legends, "Descendant of the sun, lord of Egypt," sat cosily sheltered in their illustrious companionship.

Lelisure Hour.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser, 15 Sept.
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS BIRTH.

THE centennial anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt was celebrated in this city yesterday, under the auspices and management of the Boston Society of Natural History, in a manner worthy of the memory of so illustrious a man. At half-past three o'clock the Music Hall was filled with a brilliant audience, comprising many persons of the highest culture and distinction in New England. Among them were Professors Longfellow, Lowell and Pierce, the Hon. Charles Sumner, the Hon. Henry Wilson, and many others.

In front of the organ were displayed a number of maps and diagrams illustrating various points in physical geography and showing the belts of vegetation in mountain ranges. Two original portraits of Humboldt were conspicuously placed in front of the platform. One was taken by a Spanish artist in Mexico in 1803, when Humboldt was thirty-four years of age, and the other by H. Wight in Berlin in 1852, when Humboldt was eighty-three years of age.

The post of honor was filled by professor Agassiz, who was the appointed orator of the day. On either side of him were His Excellency Governor Claflin, Mayor Shurtleff, the Rev. James Walker, D.D., and Dr. Jeffries Wyman, the president of the Boston Society of Natural History, together with some other prominent citizens of Boston.

The platform was filled with the members of the Germania Band and those of the Orpheus Musical Society, aided by delegations from various German clubs. Carl Zerrahn presided with his usual skill.

The following was the programme:—

Organ Prelude: Toccata in F. . J. S. Bach.
J. K. Paine.

Chorus "Hymn to Music," . . V. Lachner.
Orpheus Musical Society, aided by
other German Clubs.

Prayer by Rev. James Walker, D.D.
Overture; "Magic Flute," . . Mozart.

Address by Professor Agassiz.
Symphony, No. 7. Introduction and
Allegro, . . Beethoven.

Orchestra.
(a). Chorus of Priests: "O Isis and Osiris,"
with Orchestra, from Mozart's "Magic Flute."

"The splendor of the sun scatters the gloom of night. Soon feels the noble youth new life. Soon will he be wholly dedicated to the science of Truth. His spirit is bold, his heart is pure," etc.

(b). Part Song: "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen," . Mendelssohn.
"To whom God special favor grants,
Him sends he out into the wide world,
Shows him the wonders of Creation
In mountain and forest, stream and field," etc.

The music was every way noble and worthy of so great an occasion, both in the character of the selections and in the quality of the performance. No musical compositions have been written in praise of pure science, but the best works of the best masters are in harmony with any occasion intrinsically dignified and grand; and Bach's wonderful Toccata in F. whose chords can be compared only to the tumultuous sweep of the ocean waves, the beautiful "Hymn to Music" by Lackner, with all its variety and richness of melody, and the splendid selections from Beethoven and Mozart, were found to be in perfect keeping with the spirit of the times. The exquisite four-part song by Mendelssohn. "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen," which stood last upon the programme, was even more peculiarly apt and appropriate. The singing of the Orpheus Glee Club and their friends was very brilliant, spirited and effective; and the orchestra, though gathered for the first time in public this season, performed with nearly unexceptionable excellence.

After the prelude on the organ and the succeeding chorus had been given, the Rev. James Walker, D. D., of Cambridge, offered the following prayer:—

O thou infinite source of life and light, we invoke thy blessing on these services in the memories they awaken and the hopes they inspire. We acknowledge and adore that Providence by which gifted men are raised up from time to time, to make us better acquainted with the heavens which declare thy glory and with the earth which shows thy handiwork. Impress, we beseech thee, upon the great masters of science, that they also are prophets sent to reveal the thoughts and the ways of the living God. Suffer not the rapid increase of natural light to dazzle our eyes, or obscure or confuse that divine light which comes from thy word, and from the instincts and aspirations of the human soul; so that science and faith may

Reverently work together for the good of man and the glory of God, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

After the rendering of the overture of the *Magic Flute*, Professor Agassiz rose and was received with fervent applause, which was repeated two or three times. He then read the following address in a firm, earnest and well-sustained voice:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am invited to an unwonted task. Thus far I have appeared before the public only as a teacher of natural history. To-day, for the first time in my life, I leave a field in which I am at home, to take upon myself the duties of a biographer. If I succeed at all, it will be because I so loved and honored the man whose memory brings us together.

Alexander von Humboldt was born in Berlin in 1769,—one hundred years ago this day,—in that fertile year which gave birth to Napoleon, Wellington, Canning, Cuvier, Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, and so many other remarkable men. All America was then the property of European Monarchs. The first throb of the American Revolution had not yet disturbed the relations of the mother country and her colonies. Spain held Florida, Mexico, and the greater part of South America; France owned Louisiana; and all Brazil was tributary to Portugal. What stupendous changes have taken place since that time in the political world! Divine right of possession was then the recognized law on which governments were based. A mighty republic has since been born, the fundamental principle of which is self-government. Progress in the intellectual world, the world of thought, has kept pace with the advance of civil liberty; reference to authority has been superseded by free inquiry; and Humboldt was one of the great leaders in this onward movement. He has bravely fought the battle of independence of thought against the tyranny of authority. No man impressed his century intellectually more powerfully, perhaps no man so powerfully as he. Therefore he is so dear to the Germans, with whom many nations unite to do him honor to-day. Nor is it alone because of what he has done for science, or for any one department of research, that we feel grateful to him, but rather because of that breadth and comprehensiveness of knowledge which lifts whole communities to higher levels of culture, and impresses itself upon the unlearned as well as upon students and scholars.

To what degree we Americans are indebted to him, no one knows who is not familiar with the history of learning and education in the last century. All the fundamental facts of popular education in physical science, beyond the merest elementary instruction, we owe to him. We are reaping daily in every school throughout the broad land, where education is the heritage even of the poorest child, the intellectual harvest sown by him. See this map of the United States:—all its important features are based upon his investigations; for he first recognized the great relations of the earth's physical features, the laws of climate on which the whole system of isothermal lines is based, the relative height of mountain chains and table-lands, the distribution of vegetation on the whole earth. There is not a text-book of geography or a school-atlas in the hands of our children to-day, which does not bear, however blurred and defaced, the impress of his great mind. But for him our geographies would be mere enumerations of localities and statistics. He first suggested the graphic methods of representing natural phenomena which are now universally adopted. The first geological sections, the first sections across an entire continent, the first averages of climate illustrated by lines, were his. Every schoolboy is familiar with his methods now, but he does not know that Humboldt is his teacher. The fertilizing power of a great mind is wonderful; but as we travel farther from the sources, it is hidden from us by the very abundance and productiveness it has caused. How few of us remember that the tidal lines, the present mode of registering magnetic phenomena and oceanic currents, are but the application of Humboldt's researches, and of his graphic mode of recording them!

THE YOUTH OF HUMBOLDT.

This great man was a feeble child, and had less facility in his studies than most children. For this reason his early education was intrusted to private teachers, his parents being wealthy, and of a class whose means and position command the advantages denied to so many. It is worthy of note that when he was a little fellow not more than seven years old, his teacher was Campe, author of the German Robinson Crusoe. We can fancy how he amused the boy with the ever fresh story of Crusoe on his desert island, and inspired him, even at that early age, with the passionate love of travel and adventure which was to bear such fruit in later years. Neither should we omit, in recalling memories of his childhood, his tender relation to his elder brother Wil-

liam. These two brothers, so renowned in their different departments of learning,—the elder as a statesman and philologist, the youngest as a student of nature,—were united from their earliest years by an intimate sympathy which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. They went together to the University of Frankfurt, the younger being then seventeen, William nineteen. After two years at Frankfurt, they went to the University of Göttingen, where they passed the two following years. In these four pregnant years of student-life, Alexander already sketched the plans which occupied his active mind for more than three-score years and ten.

The character of the German universities is so different from ours, that a word upon his student life may not be out of place here. Untrammelled by prescription and routine, every branch of learning was open to him. Instead of being led through a prescribed course of study, an absolute freedom of selection, in accordance with his natural predilections, was allowed him. The effect of this is felt through his whole life; there was a universality, a comprehensiveness, in his culture, which could not be obtained under a less liberal system of education.

Leaving the University at the age of twenty-one, he began to make serious preparations for the great journeys toward which all his hopes tended. Nothing has impressed me more in reviewing Humboldt's life, than the harmony between the aspirations of his youth and the fulfilment of his riper age. A letter to Pfaff, written in his twenty-fourth year contains the first outline of the *Cosmos*; its last sheets were forwarded to the publisher in his ninetieth year, two months before his death. He had thus been an original investigator for nearly seventy years.

His first journey after leaving the university was important rather for the circumstance under which it was made than for any local interest. He went to the Rhine with George Forster, who had accompanied Cook in his second journey round the world. He could hardly have been thrown with any one more likely to stimulate his desire to travel than this man, who had visited the South Seas, had seen the savages of the Pacific Islands, and had made valuable contributions to geographical science. Nor was this their only point of sympathy. George Forster was a warm republican; he had espoused the ideas of the French Revolution, and when Mayence became united to the French Republic, he was sent as deputy to the National Assembly in Paris. Humboldt was too ardent

and too independent to be a laggard in the great public questions of the day. He also believed, like Forster, in the Republic of France, and in the dawn of civil liberty for Europe. Thus, both in political and scientific preferences, although so different in age, he and Forster were sympathetic travelling companions. This excursion was by no means a pleasure trip. Young as he was, Humboldt had knowledge enough to justify him in approaching the most difficult scientific questions of the day. At that time the great war was waging between the Neptunists and Plutonists, that is, between the two great schools in geology, one attributing the rocks to fire as the great constructive agent, the other asserting that all rocks were the results of water deposits. The young student brought to these questions the truthfulness and patience which marked all his later investigations. Carried away neither by theories nor by leaders, he left in abeyance the problem which seemed to him not yet solved. His interest in the subject carried him to Freiberg, where he studied geology with Werner, and where he made acquaintance with Leopold von Buch, who became the greatest geologist of the age, and was through life his trusted friend. He also applied himself to anatomy and physiology, and made physical investigations on the irritability of the muscular fibre, which he afterwards extended to the electric fishes during his American journey.

All the while he brooded over his schemes of travel, gathering materials in every direction, in order that his mind might be prepared to understand nature in all her aspects. His desires turned especially toward India. He wished to visit the East, and reaching India by way of Egypt, Syria and Persia, to cross the Pacific and return to Europe through America. In this he was foiled; but to his latest day he felt the same longing for a sight of that antique ground of civilization. At this moment all Europe was in a blaze; between contending armies there was little room for peaceful travel and investigation. We find him, therefore, floating between various plans. He went to Paris with the hope of joining Baudin's contemplated expedition to Australia. In this he was again baffled, for the breaking out of the war between France and Austria postponed the undertaking indefinitely. His next hope was Spain; he might obtain permission to visit her transatlantic possessions, and study tropical nature under the equator. Here he was successful. The scientific discoverer of America, as the Germans like to call him, was destined to start from the same shore as

Christopher Columbus. He not only received permission to visit the colonies, but special facilities for his investigation were offered him. This liberality was unexampled on the part of the Spanish government, for in those days Spain guarded her colonies with jealous exclusiveness. His enthusiasm disarmed suspicion, however, and the king cordially sustained his undertaking.

Nearly ten years had passed in maturing his plans, preparing himself for their execution, and obtaining the means for carrying them out. He was about thirty years of age when he sailed from the harbor of Corunna, running out in a dark and stormy night, and so evading the English cruisers which then blockaded the Spanish coast.

HIS AMERICAN JOURNEY.

There is, perhaps, no part of Humboldt's life better known to the public, especially in this country, than his American journey. His fascinating "Personal Narrative" is known to all, and I need not, therefore, describe his course, or dwell upon the details of his personal experience. No period of his life, however, has had a more powerful influence upon knowledge and education than these five years of travel, and therefore I will speak at some length of their scientific results. In the very glory of his youth, and yet with an intellectual maturity which belongs to later manhood, his physical activity and endurance kept pace with the fertility and comprehensiveness of his mind. Never was the old proverbial wish, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*," so near fulfilment; never were the strength of youth and the knowledge of age so closely combined.

At the first step of the journey, namely, his pause at the Canary Islands and ascension of the Peak of Teneriffe, he has left us a graphic picture of the place, of its volcanic phenomena, its geological character, and the distribution of its vegetation, in which are foreshadowed all his later generalizations. Landing in Cumana, he made his first long station there. His explorations of the mountains, valleys and seashore in that neighborhood, his geological researches, his astronomical observations by which the exact position of various localities was determined, his meteorological investigations, and his collections of every kind, were of vast scientific importance. He had already begun his studies upon averages of climate, the result of which, known as the "isothermal lines," was one of his most original contributions to science. With the intuition of genius, he saw that the distribution of temperature obeyed certain laws.

He collected, both from his own observation and from report, all that could be learned of the average temperatures in various localities; and combining all these facts, he first taught geographers how to trace upon their maps those curves which give in one undulating line the varying laws of temperature across a whole hemisphere. His physical experiments upon animals and plants, and his collections, were also of great value. At Paris he had made the acquaintance of a young botanist, equally determined with himself to see distant lands. Bonpland accompanied him in his journey to South America; and when Humboldt was engaged so exclusively in physical experiments as to prevent him from joining the botanical researches, they were nevertheless not interrupted, for Bonpland was unremitting in the study of plants and in making collections.

After months thus spent in the neighborhood of the coast, Humboldt crossed the Llanos, the great plains which divide the basin of the Orinoco from the sea-shore. Here, again, every step of his journey is marked by original research. He has turned those desert plains into enchanted land by the power of his thought, and left us descriptions as fascinating from their beauty as they are valuable for their novelty and precision. In his long and painful journey through the valley of the Orinoco, he traced the singular network of rivers by which this great stream connects through the Cassiquiare and the Rio Negro with the Amazons, — a fresh-water route which is, no doubt, yet to become one of the highways of the world. Had it not been for the illiberality of the Portuguese government, he would probably have gone down the Rio Negro to the Amazons, and would, perhaps, have changed completely the course which he ultimately took. He was, however, turned back from the mighty river by a prohibition which made it dangerous to proceed farther, on pain of imprisonment and the possible renunciation of all his cherished plans. When, in my late exploration of the Amazonian Valley, I read his narrative again, on the spot, I could not but contrast the cordial liberality which smoothed every difficulty in my path with the dangers, obstacles and suffering which beset his. I approached, however, so near the scenes of his labors that I was constantly able to compare my results with his, and to recognize the extent of his knowledge and the comprehensiveness of his views, even where the progress of science led to a different interpretation of the facts. I omit all notice of his visit to Cuba, and his journey through Mexico, in-

teresting as they were, remarking only that to him we owe the first accurate maps of those regions. So imperfect were those published before him, that even towards the close of the last century the position of Mexico differed by about three hundred miles in the maps published by different geographers. Humboldt's is the first general map of Mexico and Cuba, based upon astronomical observations.

The next great stage of the American journey is along the ridge of the Andes. There is a picturesque charm about this part of the undertaking which is irresistible. At that time travelling in those mountains was infinitely more difficult than it is now. We follow him with his train of mules, bearing the most delicate instruments, the most precious scientific apparatus, through the passes of the great chain. Measuring the mountains,—sounding the valleys as he went,—tracing the distribution of vegetation on slopes 20,000 feet high,—examining extinct and active volcanoes,—collecting and drawing animals and plants,—he brought away an incredible amount of information, which has since filtered into all our scientific records, remodelled popular education, and become the common property of the civilized world. Many of these ascensions were attended with infinite danger and difficulty. He climbed the Chimborazo to a height of 18,000 feet, at a time when no other man had ever ascended so far above the level of the sea, and was only prevented from reaching the summit by an impassable chasm, in which he nearly lost his life. When, a few years later, Gay-Lussac made his famous ascent in a balloon, for the sake of studying atmospheric phenomena, he rose only 1200 feet higher.* Returning from the Andes, Humboldt skirted the Pacific from Truxillo to Acapulco, and paused in Mexico again. There he ascended all the great mountains in that neighborhood, continuing and completing the same investigations which he had pursued with such persistency through this whole laborious journey. He studied volcanic action, mines, the production of precious metals, their influence upon civilization and commerce, latitudes and longitudes, averages of climate, relative heights of mountains, distribution of vegetation, astronomical and meteorological phenomena. From Mexico he went to Havana, and from Havana sailed for Philadelphia. His stay in this country

was short. He was cordially received by Jefferson on his visit to Washington, and warmly welcomed by scientific men in Philadelphia. But he made no important researches in the United States, and sailed for Europe soon after his arrival.

HIS RETURN TO EUROPE—SURSEQUENT ACHIEVEMENTS.

He returned to Paris in 1804, having been five years absent from Europe. It was a brilliant period in science, letters and politics in the great capital. The republic was still in existence; the throes of the revolution were over, and the reaction toward monarchical ideas had hardly begun. L'Place, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Desfontaines, Delambre, Oltmanns, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Biot, Delomieu, Lamarck and Lape  de were leaders then in the learned world. The young traveller, bringing intellectual and material treasures even to men who had grown old in research, was welcomed by all, and in this great centre of social and intellectual life he made his home, for the most part, from 1805 to 1827: from the brightest days of the republic, through the rise and fall of the empire, to the restoration of the Bourbons. He devoted himself to the publication of his results, and secured as his collaborators in this work the ablest men of the day. Cuvier, Latreille, and Valenciennes worked up the zoological collections, Bonpland and Kunth directed the publication of the botanical treasures, Oltmanns undertook the reduction of the astronomical and barometrical observations, while he himself, jointly with Gay-Lussac and Provencal made investigations upon the respiration of fishes and upon the chemical constitution of the atmosphere and the composition of water, which have left their mark in the annals of chemistry. While, of course, superintending more or less all the publications, Humboldt himself was engaged especially with those upon physical geography, meteorology, and zoology. The mere enumeration of the volumes resulting from this great expedition is impressive. It embraces three folio volumes of geographical, physical and botanical maps, including scenery, antiquities, and the aboriginal races: twelve quarto volumes of letterpress, three of which contain the personal narrative, two are devoted to New Spain, two to Cuba, two to zoology and comparative anatomy, two to astronomy and one to a physical description of the tropics. The botanical results of the journey occupy not less than thirteen folio volumes, ornamented with magnificent colored plates. As all these works are in our Public Library, in

* The ascension of Mont Blanc by De Saussure was the only exploit of that kind on record before. Even as late as 1822 the ascent of the Jungfrau attracted some attention. Nowadays tourists may run up the highest summits of the Alps to drink the health of their friends.

Boston, I would invite my hearers to a real intellectual treat and a gratification of their æsthetic tastes, in urging them to devote some leisure hour to turning over the leaves of these magnificent volumes. A walk through the hot-houses of the largest botanical garden — and unfortunately we have no such on this continent — could hardly be more impressive than an examination of these beautiful plates. Add to these a special work on the position of rocks in the two hemispheres, one on the isothermal lines, his innumerable smaller papers, and lastly, five volumes on the history of geography and the progress of nautical astronomy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, more or less directly connected with Humboldt's own journey, though published in later years. His investigations into the history of the discovery of America have a special interest for us. We learn from him that the name of our continent was first introduced into the learned world by Waltzeemüller, a German professor, settled at St. Didié, in Lorraine, — Hylacomylus, as he called himself, at a time when scholars were wont to translate their names into the dead languages and thought it more dignified to appear under a Greek or Latin garb. This cosmographer published the first map of the New World, with an account of the journeys of Amerigo Vespucci, whose name he affixed to the lands recently discovered. Humboldt shows us also that Columbus's discovery was no accident, but grew naturally out of the speculations of the time, themselves the echo of a far-off dream, which he follows back into the dimness of Grecian antiquity. We recognize again here the characteristic features of Humboldt's mind, in his constant endeavour to trace discoveries through all the stages of their progress.

Although he made his headquarters in Paris, it became necessary for Humboldt, during the preparation of so many extensive works, to undertake journeys in various parts of Europe; to examine and re-examine Vesuvius, and compare its mode of action, its geological constitution, and the phenomena of its eruptions, with what he had seen of the volcanoes of South America. On one of these occasions he ascended Vesuvius in company with Gay-Lussac and Leopold von Buch. That single excursion, undertaken by such men, was fruitful in valuable additions to knowledge. At other times he went to consult rare books in the great libraries of Germany and England, or to discuss with his brother in Berlin, or with trusted friends in other parts of Europe, the work in which he was en-

gaged, comparing notes, assisting at new experiments, suggesting further inquiries, ever active, ever inventive, ever suggestive, ever fertile in resource, — neither disturbed by the great political commotions which he witnessed, nor tempted from his engrossing labors by the most brilliant offers of public service or exalted position. It was during one of his first visits to Berlin, where he went to consult about the organization of the University with his brother William, then minister of state in Prussia, that he published those fascinating "Views of Nature," in which he has given pictures of the tropics as vivid and as exciting to the imagination as if they lived on the canvass of some great artist.

The question naturally arises, Who provided for the expenses of these extensive literary undertakings? Humboldt himself. No one knows exactly what he has spent in the publication of his works. Some approach to an estimate may, however, be made, by computing the cost of printing, paper, and engraving, which cannot have amounted to less than \$250,000. No doubt the sale indemnified him in some degree, but all know that such publications do not pay. The price of a single copy of the complete work on America is \$2000, — double that of the great national work published by France upon Egypt, for the publication of which the government spent about \$800,000. Of course very few copies can be sold of a work of this magnitude. But from his youth upward, Humboldt spent his private means liberally, not only for the carrying out and subsequent publication of his own scientific undertakings, but to forward the work of younger and poorer men. In his old age he lived upon a small pension granted to him by the King of Prussia. His many-sidedness is remarkable. He touched life at all points. He was the friend of artists, no less than of scientific and literary men. His desire to make his illustrations worthy of the great objects they were to represent brought him into constant and intimate relation with the draughtsmen and painters of his day. Even David did not think it below his dignity to draw an allegoric title-page for the great work. He valued equally the society of intelligent and cultivated women, such as Madame de Stael, Madame Récamier, Rahel, Bettina, and many others less known to fame. He was intimate with statesmen, politicians, and men of the world. The familiarity of Humboldt with the natural resources of the countries he had visited, — with their mineral products and precious metals, — made

his opinion valuable, not only in matters of commerce, but important to the governments of Europe; and after the colonies of South America had achieved their independence, the allied powers of Europe invited him to make a report upon the political condition of the new republics. In 1822 he attended the Congress of Verona, and visited the south of Italy with the King of Prussia. Thus his life was associated with the political growth and independence of the New World, as it was intimately allied with the literary, scientific and artistic interests of the Old. He never, however, took an active part in politics at home, and yet all Germany looked upon him as identified with the aspirations of the liberal party, of which his brother William was the most prominent representative.

RESULTS OF THE AMERICAN JOURNEY.

Before closing this period of Humboldt's life I would add a few words more in detail upon the works published by him after his return from South America. One of the first fruits in the rich harvest reaped from this expedition was the successful attempt, to which I have already alluded, at representing graphically the physical features of that continent. Thus far such representations had mainly consisted in maps and the delineation of the characteristic plants and animals. Humboldt devised a new method, equally impressive to the eye and comprehensive in its outlines. Impressed by the fact that vegetation changes its character as it ascends upon the side of high mountains, — thus presenting successive terraces upon their slopes, — he conceived the idea, already suggested by his examination of the Peak of Teneriffe, of drawing upon the outline of a conical mountain the different aspects of its surface, from the level of the sea to its highest peak. Thus he could exhibit at a glance all those successive zones of vegetation, represented upon the diagram before you, and drawn by him at Guayaquil in 1803. It is copied from his work on the physical aspect of the tropics and the geographical distribution of plants. — Explanations from the diagram. — Afterwards he extended these comparisons to the temperate and arctic zones, and ascertained that, as we proceed farther north, the gradation of the vegetation, at the level of the ocean, corresponds to its succession upon mountain slopes, — until towards the Arctics it assumes a remarkable resemblance to the plants found near the line of perpetual snows under the Tropics. But this is not

all. The intervening expanse from North to South, as far as the equator, and then in reverse order to the Antarctic regions, also exhibits, in proportion to the elevation of the land, a vegetation characterized by intermediate forms.

In the same way he reproduced the general appearance of the inequalities of the earth's surface by drawing ideal sections across the regions described. In the first place, through Spain, afterwards from La Guayra to Caraccas across the Cumbre, and from Carthagena to Santa Fé de Bogota, through the whole Continent of America, from Acapulco to Vera Cruz, as represented in another diagram before you. And this is not by mere approximations, but founding his profiles upon his own barometric and astronomical observations, which he multiplied to such an extent that his works are to this day the chief source of information concerning the physical geography of the regions visited by him.

Not satisfied with this, he undertook to represent, in like manner, the internal structure of the earth, by drawing similar charts upon which the relative position of the rocks, with signs to indicate their mineralogical character, is faithfully portrayed. The first chart of this kind was drawn by him in Mexico in 1804, and presented to the School of Mines of that city. It was afterwards published in the Atlas of the American Journey. We are thus indebted to him for the whole of that graphic method which has made it possible to delineate, in visible outlines, the true characteristics of physical phenomena; for afterwards this method was applied to the representation of the oceanic currents, the direction of the prevalent winds, the tidal waves, the rise and fall of our lakes and rivers, the amount of rain falling upon different parts of the earth's surface, the magnetic phenomena, the lines of equal average temperature, the relative height of our plains, table-lands and mountain chains, their internal structure, and the distribution of plants and animals. Even the characteristic features of the History of Mankind are now tabulated in the same way upon our ethnographical maps, in which the distribution of the races, the highways of navigation and commerce, the difference among men as to language, culture, creeds, nay, even the records of our census, the estimates of the wealth of nations, down to the statistics of agriculture and the averages of virtue and vice, are represented. In short, every branch of mental activity has been vivified by this process and undergone an entire transformation under its influence.

His paper upon the isothermal lines was published in the *Mémoires de la Société d'Arcueil*, a scientific club to which in the beginning of this century the most eminent men of the age belonged. Though a mere sketch, the first delineation of the curves uniting those different points of the earth's surface, which, though under different latitudes, possess the same average annual temperature, exhibits already the characteristic features in the irregular distribution of the temperature of our globe, which myriads of observations of a later date have only confirmed. No other series of investigations shows more plainly than this, to what accurate results an observer may arrive who understands how to weigh critically the meaning of his facts, however few they may be. This other diagram before you represents the isothermal line as contrasted with the degrees of latitude.

The barometrical and astronomical observations upon which his numerous maps are based were computed and reduced to their final form by his friend Oltmanns. They fill two large quarto volumes, and amount to the accurate determination of nearly one thousand localities. They are not taken at random, but embrace points of the highest importance, with reference to the geographical distribution of plants and animals and the range of agricultural products. Humboldt has himself added an introduction to this work, in which he gives an account of the instruments used in his observations and the methods pursued by him in his experiments, and discusses the astronomical refractions in the torrid zone.

Thus the philosophical geography of our days is based upon Humboldt's investigations. He is, indeed, the founder of comparative geography, that all embracing science of our globe, unfolded with a master hand by Karl Ritter, and which has now its ablest representative in our own Guyot, the author of the maps before you. His correspondence with Berghaus testifies his intense interest in the progress of geographical knowledge. To Humboldt this world of ours is indeed not only the abode of man, it is a growth in the history of the universe, shaped according to laws, by a long process of successive changes, which have resulted in its present configuration with its mutually dependent features. The work upon the Position of Rocks in the two hemispheres tells the history of that growth as it could be told in 1823, and is of course full of gross anachronisms; but at the same time it exhibits the wonderful power of generalization and combination which Humboldt possessed, — as for instance where he

says, in a few beautiful words, fertile in consequences, not yet fully appreciated by the naturalists of our days: — "When we examine the solid mass of our planet, we perceive that the simple minerals are found in associations which are everywhere the same, and that the rocks do not vary as organized beings do, according to the differences of latitude or the isothermal lines under which they occur;" thus contrasting in one single phrase the whole organic world with the inorganic in their essential character. In practical geology we owe to him the first recognition of the Jurassic formation. It was he also who introduced into our science those happy expressions, "geological horizon," and "independence of geological formations." He also paved the way for Elie de Beaumont's determination of the relative age of mountain chains, by his discussion upon the direction of stratified rocks and the parallels he drew between the age of pinitonic and sedimentary formations; nor had it escaped him that distant flora and fauna, though of the same age, may be entirely different.

The collection of zoological and anatomical papers in two quarto volumes, with numerous colored plates, is full of valuable contributions to the Natural History of Animals from his own pen, as well as that of his collaborators. The most remarkable are his description of the Condor, which must have delighted the French Zoologists, who could not fail to compare it with the glowing pages of their own Buffon; his Synopsis of the South American Monkeys, rivaling the works of Audebert and Geoffroy St. Hilaire; his account of the electric Eel and the Catfish thrown out by the burning volcanoes of the Andes, contrasted with the Great Natural History of Fishes, by Lacépède; his paper on the Respiration of Crocodiles and the Larynx of Birds and Crocodiles, daring upon his own ground the greatest anatomist of the age, the immortal Cuvier. Indeed, it must have created a profound sensation in the learned world when a naturalist, all whose previous publications related to physical subjects, suddenly came forward as a master among masters, in the treatment of zoological and anatomical questions.

The botanical works have appeared under several titles. We have first the "Plantes Equinoxiales," in two folio volumes, with 140 plates, by Bonpland; the Monograph of the *Melastomées* and that of the *Rhxiées*, in two folio volumes, with 120 plates, also by Bonpland; then the *Mimosées* by Kunth, in one folio volume with 60 plates; the revision of the *Graminées* in one folio vol-

ume with 220 plates, by Kunth, and finally the *Nova Genera and Species Plantarum* by Kunth in seven folio volumes with 700 plates. Altogether thirteen folio volumes with 1240 plates, most of which are beautifully colored and remain unsurpassed for fidelity of description and fullness of illustration. But though the descriptive part of these splendid volumes is from the pen of his fellow-traveller Bonpland, and his young friend Kunth, it would be a mistake to suppose that Humboldt had no share in their preparation. Not only did he assiduously collect specimens during the journey, but it was he who made, on the spot, from the living plant, drawings and analyses of the most remarkable and characteristic trees, the general aspect of which could not be preserved in the specimens gathered for the herbarium. Beside this, there are entire chapters concerning the geographical distribution of the most remarkable families of plants, their properties, their uses, &c., entirely written by Humboldt himself. It was he also who for the first time divided the areas of the regions he had explored into botanical provinces, according to their natural physical features: thus distinguishing the flora of New Andalusia and Venezuela from that of the Orinoco basin, that of New Grenada, that of Quito, that of the Peruvian Andes, and that of Mexico and Cuba. It was he also who first showed that the whole vegetable kingdom contains, after all, but a few distinct types, which characterize the vegetable carpet of the earth's surface, in different parts of the world, under different latitudes, and at different heights. He closes one of these expositions with a few words, which I cannot pass by without quoting them. "Such investigations," he says, "afford an intellectual enjoyment, and foster a moral strength which fortify us against misfortunes and which no human power can overcome."

HIS LATER YEARS AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

The last period of his life was spent in Berlin, and while there, to the end of his long and laborious career, he was engaged with the publication of his *Cosmos*, and also in editing the great work on the Kavi language, left by his brother William, who died in 1835. Besides these important undertakings, he was unceasingly engaged in fostering magnetic observations and the establishment of magnetic observatories. He likewise felt a lively interest in the proposed inter-oceanic canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the lines for which he had carefully considered in earlier years. Surrounded by loving and admiring friends,

covered with honors and distinctions, these days were rich in peaceful enjoyment.

One of the most prominent features of Humboldt's mind as a philosopher and student of nature, consists in the keenness with which he perceives the most remote relations of the phenomena under consideration, and the felicity with which he combines his facts so as to draw the most comprehensive pictures. The faculty is more particularly exhibited in the *Cosmos*, the crowning effort of his mature life. With a grasp transcending the most profound generalizations of the philosophers of all ages, he draws at first in broad outlines a sketch of the whole Universe. With an eye sharpened by the most improved instruments of the Observatory, and exalted by the experience of all his predecessors, he penetrates into the remotest recesses of space, to seek for the faintest ray of light that may furnish any information concerning the expanse of the heavenly vault and the age of the celestial bodies. He thus makes the rapidity with which light is propagated a measure of the distance which separates the visible parts of the whole system from one another, as well as a means of approximately estimating the duration of their existence. He next considers the various appearances of the celestial bodies, the different kinds of nebulae, their form and relations to one another and to the so-called fixed stars; describes in graphic and fascinating language the landscape-like loveliness of their combinations in the Milky Way and the various constellations; discusses the nature of the double stars, and gradually approaching our own system by a comparison of our sun to other suns, rises, by a sublime effort of the imagination, to a conception of the form of their united systems in space. In the description of our solar system, one might have expected an exposition similar to the methods adopted by astronomers; but the object of our great physicist is not to write a synopsis of Astronomy. He plunges without hesitation into the earliest history of the formation of our earth, the better to illustrate the relations to one another of the sun and the planets, with their satellites, the comets, and the hosts of meteors of all kinds which come flashing, like luminous showers, through the atmosphere. Our globe is reviewed in its turn. First, its structure, the density of its mass, in the estimation of which the oscillations of the pendulum become a plummet-line with which to fathom the inapproachable deep; and the volcanoes are made to reveal the everlasting conflict between the interior caldron of melted materials and the

consolidation of the ruffled surface; the distribution of heat and light, the climates, as depending upon the inequalities of form and relief, the currents of the ocean, as modifying the temperature, the magnetic phenomena, the aurora borealis. The changes which our globe has undergone in course of ages are next described. How the lands gradually rose above the level of the sea, how they first formed disconnected archipelagoes, how mountains grew up in succession, their relative age, the form and extent of successively larger continental islands, their plants and animals, — nothing escaped his attention. Everything is represented in its true place and relation to the whole. Especially attractive are his delineations of the distribution of the plants and animals upon the present surface of the earth, of which an account has already been given.

This mode of treating his subjects, emphatically his own, has led many specialists to underrate Humboldt's familiarity with different branches of science: as if knowledge could only be recorded in pedantic forms and a set phraseology.

But Humboldt is not only an observer, not only a physicist, a geographer, a geologist of matchless power and erudition; he knows that nature has its attraction for the soul of man: that, however uncultivated, man is impressed by the great phenomena amid which he lives; that he is dependent for his comforts and the progress of civilization upon the world that surrounds him. This leads to an appreciative analysis of the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of nature, and to considerations of the highest order respecting the influence which natural highways have had upon the races of men, in their distribution upon the whole surface of the globe.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

In 1827, at the urgent solicitation of his brother, Humboldt transferred his residence from Paris to Berlin. With this step there opens a new phase in his life. Thus far he had been absolutely independent of public or official position. Conducting his researches as a private individual, if he appeared before the public at all, it was only in reading his papers to learned academies. Now he began to lecture in the University. In his first course, consisting of sixty-one lectures, he sketched the physical history of the world in its broadest outline, — it was, in truth, the programme of the *Cosmos*. Since I shall give an analysis of the *Cosmos* in its fitting place, I will say nothing of these lectures here, except that, as a

teacher, he combined immense knowledge with simplicity of expression, avoiding all technicalities not absolutely essential to the subject.

In the midst of his lectures there came to him an invitation from the Russian government to visit the Russian provinces of Asia. Nothing could be more gratifying to a scientific man than the terms in which this proposition was made. It was expressly stipulated by the Emperor, that he wished the material advantages which might accrue from the expedition to be a secondary consideration. Humboldt was to make the scientific research and the advancement of knowledge, his first aim, and he might turn his steps in whatever direction he chose. Never before had any government organized an expedition with so little regard to purely utilitarian considerations.

This second great journey of Humboldt is connected with a hope and disappointment of my own. I was then a student in Munich. That University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost every name on the list of professors was also prominent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made from extracts of original works. They were themselves original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. Martius, Oken, Döllinger, Schelling, Fr. von Baader, Wagler, Zuccarini, Fuchs, Vogel, Von Köbell, were our teachers. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met for conversation or to give lectures among ourselves, as we constantly did, our professors were often among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

My room was our meeting-place — bedroom, study, museum, library, lecture-room, fencing-room, all in one. Students and professors used to call it the little academy. Here Schimper and Braun for the first time discussed the laws of phylloxera, that marvellous rhythmical arrangement of the leaves in plants which our great mathematician in Cambridge has found to agree with the periods of the rotation of our planets. Among their listeners were Professors Martius and Zuccarini; and even Robert Brown, while in Munich during a journey through Germany, sought the acquaintance of these young botanists. Here for the first time did Michabelles lay

before us the results of his exploration of the Adriatic and adjoining regions. Here Born exhibited his wonderful preparations of the anatomy of the Lamper-eel. Here Rudolphi made us acquainted with his exploration of the Bavarian Alps and the shores of the Baltic. These my fellow-students in Munich were a bright, promising set — boys then in age, many of whom did not live to make their names famous in the annals of science. It was in our little academy that Döllinger, the great master in physiology and embryology, showed to us, his students, before he had even given them to the scientific world, his wonderful preparations exhibiting the vessels of the villosities of the alimentary canal; and here he taught us the use of the microscope in embryological investigation. And here also the great German anatomist, Meckel, came to see my collection of fish skeletons, of which he had heard from Döllinger. Such associations, of course, made us acquainted with everything of importance which was going on in the scientific world. The preparation of Humboldt for his Asiatic journey excited our deepest interest, and I was filled with a passionate desire to accompany the expedition as an assistant.

General La Harpe, then residing at Lausanne, who had been the preceptor of both the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas of Russia, and who knew Humboldt personally, was a friend of my family, and he wrote to Humboldt in my behalf, asking that I might join the expedition as an assistant. But it was not to be. The preparations for the journey were already made, and Ehrenberg and Gustav Rose, then professors at the Berlin University, were to be his travelling companions. I should not mention the incident here, but that, slight as it was, it marks the beginning of my personal relation with Humboldt.

LIFE IN PARIS IN 1830.

In 1830, after his return to Berlin, he was chosen as the fitting messenger from one great nation to another. The restoration which followed the downfall of Napoleon had been overturned by the July revolution, and he who had lived through the glory of the Republic and the most brilliant days of the Empire, was appointed by the King of Prussia to carry an official greeting to Louis Philippe and the new dynasty. He had, indeed, the most friendly relations with the Orleans family, and was, from private as well as public considerations, a suitable ambassador on this occasion.

Paris had greatly changed since his return from his first great journey. Many of those

who had made the glory of the Academy of Sciences, in the beginning of the century, had passed away, and a new generation had come up. Elie de Beaumont, Dufrenoy, the younger Brongniart, Adrien de Jussieu, Isidore Geoffroy, Milne Edwards, Audouin, Flourens, Guillemin, Pouillet, Duperrey, Babinet, Decaisne, and others had risen to distinction, while the older Ampère, the older Brongniart, Valenciennes, de Blainville, Arago, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, had come forward as leaders in science. Cuvier, just the age of Humboldt himself, was still active and ardent in research. His salon, frequented by statesmen, scholars, and artists, was, at the same time, the gathering-place of all the most original thinkers in Paris; and the pleasure of these delightful meetings was unclouded, for none dreamed how soon they were to end forever, — how soon that bright and vivid mind was to pass away from among us.

In those days a fierce discussion was carried on before the Academy, as well as in public lectures. Goethe had declared the unity of structure in the bony frame of all the vertebrates, and had laid the foundation of the morphology of plants. These new views had awakened the interests and passions of the whole world of science to a degree hitherto unknown in her peaceful halls. Cuvier, strange to say, had taken ground in opposition to Goethe's views upon the vertebrate type, while Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a devoted adherent of Goethe's ideas, had expressed his convictions in words not always courteous towards Cuvier. The latter had retorted with an overwhelming display of special knowledge, under which the brilliant generalizations of St. Hilaire seemed to be crushed. Cuvier was then giving a course of lectures in the College de France, on the history of science, into which he wove with passionate animation his objections to the new doctrine. Humboldt attended these lectures regularly, and I had frequently the pleasure of sitting by his side and being the recipient of his passing criticism. While he was impressed by the objections of the master-anatomist, he could not conceal his sympathy for the conception of the great poet, his countryman. Seeing more clearly than Cuvier himself the logic of his investigations, in whispered comments during the lectures, he constantly declared that whatever deficiencies the doctrine of unity might still contain, it must be essentially true, and Cuvier ought to be its expounder instead of its opponent. The great French naturalist did not live to complete these lectures, but the view expressed by his friend was prophetic.

Cuvier's own researches, especially those bearing upon the characteristics of the four different plans of structure of the animal kingdom, have helped to prove in his own despite, though in a modified form, the truth of the doctrine he so bitterly opposed.

The life which Humboldt now led was less exclusively that of a student than it had been during his former Paris life. He was the ambassador of a foreign court. His official position and his rank in society, as well as his great celebrity, made him everywhere a cherished guest, and Humboldt had the gift of making himself ubiquitous. He was as familiar with the gossips of the fashionable and dramatic world as with the higher walks of life and the abstruse researches of science. He had at this time two residences in Paris; his lodging at the Hotel des Princes, where he saw the great world, and his working-room in the Rue de la Harpe, where he received with less formality his scientific friends. It is with the latter place I associate him; for there it was my privilege to visit him frequently. There he gave me leave to come to talk with him about my work, and consult him in my difficulties. I am unwilling to speak of myself on this occasion, and yet I do not know how else I can do justice to one of the most beautiful sides of Humboldt's character. His sympathy for all young students of nature was one of the noblest traits of his long life. It may truly be said that towards the close of his career there was hardly one prominent or aspiring scientific man in the world who was not under some obligation to him. His sympathy touched not only the work of those in whom he was interested, but extended also to their material wants and embarrassments. At this period I was twenty-four; he was sixty-two. I had recently taken my degree as Doctor of Medicine, and was struggling not only for a scientific position, but for the means of existence also. I have said that he gave me permission to come as often as I pleased to his room, opening to me freely the inestimable advantages which intercourse with such a man gave to a young investigator like myself. But he did far more than this. Occupied and surrounded as he was, he sought me out in my own lodging. The first visit he paid me at my narrow quarters in the Quartier Latin, where I occupied a small room in the Hotel du Jardin des Plantes, was characteristic of the man. After a cordial greeting, he walked straight to what was then my library, — a small book-shelf containing a few classics, the meanest editions bought for a trifle along

the quays, some works on philosophy and history, chemistry and physics, his own Views of Nature, Aristotle's Zoölogy, Linneus's Systema Naturæ, in several editions, Cuvier's Règne Animal, and quite a number of manuscript quartos copies which, with the assistance of my brother, I had made of works I was too poor to buy, though they cost but a few francs a volume. Most conspicuous of all were twelve volumes of the new German Cyclopaedia presented to me by the publisher. I shall never forget, after his look of mingled interest and surprise at my little collection, his half-sarcastic question as he pounced upon the great Encyclopaedia, "*Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrücke?*" What are you doing with this ass's bridge? — the somewhat contemptuous name given in Germany to similar compilations. "I have not had time," I said, "to study the original sources of learning, and I need a prompt and easy answer to a thousand questions I have as yet no other means of solving."

It was no doubt apparent to him that I was not over familiar with the good things of this world, for I shortly afterward received an invitation to meet him at six o'clock in the "Gallerie Vitree" of the Palais Royal, whence he led me into one of those restaurants, the tempting windows of which I had occasionally passed by. When we were seated, he half laughingly, half inquiringly, asked me whether I would order the dinner. I declined the invitation, saying that we would fare better if he would take the trouble. And for three hours, which passed like a dream, I had him all to myself. How he examined me, and how much I learned in that short time! How to work, what to do, and what to avoid; how to live; how to distribute my time; what methods of study to pursue, — these were the things of which he talked to me on that delightful evening, — I do not mention this trivial incident without feeling that it may seem too familiar for the occasion; nor should I give it all, except that it shows the sweetness and kindness of Humboldt's nature. It was not enough for him to cheer and stimulate the student; he cared also to give a rare indulgence to a young man who could allow himself few luxuries.

THE ASIATIC JOURNEY.

The incidents of Humboldt's Asiatic journey are less known to the public at large than those of his longer American ramblings. Short as it was, however, — for he was absent only nine months, — he brought to the undertaking such an amount of collateral knowledge that its scientific

results are of the utmost importance, and may be considered as the culmination of his mature research and comprehensiveness of views. His success was insured also by the ample preparations of the Russian government, orders having been given along the whole road to grant him every facility. Descending the Volga to Kasan, and thence crossing to Ikaterinenburg over the Ural Mountains, he passed through Tobolsk, on the Irtysh to Barnaul, on the Obi, and reached the Altai Mountains, on the borders of China, thus penetrating into the heart of Asia. His researches into the physical constitution of what was considered the high table-land of Asia revealed the true features of that vast range of mountains. Touched by his cultivated genius, the most insignificant facts became fruitful, and gave him at once a clew to the real character of the land. The presence of fruit-trees and other plants, belonging to families not known to occur in elevated regions, led him to distrust the existence of an unbroken, high, cold table-land, extending over the whole of Central Asia, — and by a diligent comparison of all existing documents on the subject, combined with his own observations, he showed that four great parallel mountain ridges, separated by gradually higher and higher level grounds, extend in an east-westerly direction. First the Altai, bordering on the plains of Siberia, from the northern slope of which descend all the great rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean, the Irtysh with the Obi, the Jennisei and the Lena, — then the Thian-Shan, south of the plateau of Soongaria; — next the Kuenlun, south of the plateau of Tartary; — next the Himalaya range, separating the plateau of Thibet from the plains of the Ganges. He showed the connection of the Himalaya Mountains through the Hindoo-koo and the Demavend with the far-off range of the Caucasus. These east-westerly ranges, giving form and character to the continent of Asia, are then contrasted with the north southerly direction of the Ghauts, the Soliman and Bolor range and the Ural Mountains, dividing Europe from Asia. Approaching the great highways, over which the caravans of the East from Delhi and Lahore reach the northern marts of Samarcand, Bokhara and Orenburg, he opens to us the most striking vistas of the early communication between the Arian civilization and the western lands lying then in the darkness of savage life. He inquired also into the course of the old Oxus and the former channels between Lake Aral and the Caspian Sea. The level of that great inland salt lake, between two and

three hundred feet below the level of the sea, suggested to him its former communication with the Arctic Ocean, when the steppes of the Kirghis formed an open gulf and the northern waters poured over those extensive plains. After examining the German settlements about the Caspian Sea, he returned to St. Petersburg by way of Orenburg and Moscow. The scientific results of this journey are recorded in two separate works, the first of which, under the title of *Asiatic Fragments of Climatology and Geology*, is chiefly devoted to an account of the inland volcanoes which he had had an opportunity of studying during this journey. He had now examined the volcanic phenomena upon three continents, and had gained an insight more penetrating and more comprehensive than was possessed by any other geologist into their deep connection with all the changes our globe has undergone. Volcanoes are no longer to him mere local manifestations of a limited focus of eruption; he perceived their relation to earthquakes and to all the phenomena coincident with the formation of the inequalities of the earth's surface. The contrast between the Siberian winter and the great fertility of the neighborhood of Astracan, where he found the finest vineyards he had ever seen, led him to consider anew the causes of the irregularities of temperature under corresponding latitudes, and then to enlarge his knowledge of the isothermal lines, which he had first sketched in his younger years, and the rationale of which he now clearly set forth. In one comprehensive view he showed the connection between the rotation of the earth, the radiation of its surface, the currents of the ocean, and especially among the latter the Gulf Stream, in their combined influence upon conditions of temperature, producing under identical latitudes such contrasts of climate as exist between Boston, Madrid, Naples, Constantinople, Tiflis on the Caucasus, Hakodadi, and that part of our own coast in California, where stands the city which bears his own venerated name.

The second work relating to the Asiatic journey appeared under the title of "*Central Asia*," being an account of his researches into the mountain systems and the climate of that continent. The broadest generalizations relating to the physics of the globe, showing Humboldt's wonderful familiarity with all its external features, are here introduced in a short paper upon the average elevation of the continents above the level of the sea, as compared with the average depths of the ocean. LaPlace, the great geometer, had already considered

the subject; but Humboldt brought to the discussion an amount of facts which showed conclusively that the purely mathematical consideration of the inquiry, as handled by LaPlace, had been premature. Taking separately into consideration the space occupied on the earth's surface by mountain ridges with that occupied by high tablelands, and the far more extensive tracts of low plains, Humboldt showed that the average elevation of the earth, estimated by LaPlace at more than 1000 metres, could in fact be scarcely one third that amount, — a great deal less indeed than the average depth of the sea.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

In speaking of his later days, I cannot omit some allusion to a painful fact connected with his residence at Berlin. The publication of a private correspondence between Varuhagen von Ense and Humboldt has led to many unfriendly criticisms upon the latter. He has been blamed for holding his place at court, while in private he criticized and even satirized severely everything connected with it. It is not easy to place oneself in the right point of view, with reference to these confidential letters. It must be remembered that Humboldt was a republican at heart. His most intimate friends, from Forster, in his early youth, to Arago, in his mature years, were ardent republicans. He shared their enthusiasm for the establishment of self-government among men. An anecdote preserved to us by Lieber shows that he did not conceal his sympathies, even before the king who honored him so highly. Lieber, who was present at the conversation, gives the following account of it: — "The King of Prussia, Humboldt and Niebuhr were talking of the affairs of the day, and the latter spoke in no flattering terms of the political views and antecedents of Arago, who, it is well known, was a very advanced republican of the Gallican school, an uncompromising French democrat. Frederic William the Third simply abominated republicanism; yet when Niebuhr had finished, Humboldt said, with a sweetness which I vividly remember: 'Still, this monster is the dearest friend I have in France.'"

Can we, therefore, be surprised that, in his confidential letters to a sympathizing friend, he should not refrain from expressing his dislike of the petty intrigues and low sentiments which he met among courtiers. I received, myself, a letter from Humboldt, written in the days when the reactionary movements were at their height in Prussia, in which, in a strain of deep sadness and

despondence, he expresses his regret at the turn political affairs had taken in Europe, and his disappointment at the failure of those aspirations for freedom with which he had felt the deepest sympathy in his youth. We may wish that this great man had been wholly consistent — that no shadow had rested upon the loyalty of his character — that he had not accepted the friendship and affection of a King whose court he did not respect and whose weaknesses he keenly felt. But let us remember that his official station there gave him the means of influencing culture and education in his native country in a way which he could not otherwise have done, and that in this respect he made the noblest use of his position. — His sympathy with the oppressed in every land was profound. We see it in his feeling for the aborigines in South America — in his abhorrence of slavery. I believe that he would have experienced one of the purest and deepest joys of his life had he lived to hear of the abolition of slavery in the United States. His dislike of all subserviency and flattery, whether toward himself or others, was always openly expressed, and was unquestionably genuine.

The philosophical views of Humboldt, his position with reference to the gravest and most important questions concerning man's destiny and the origin of all things, have been often discussed, and the most opposite opinions have been expressed respecting them, by men who seem equally competent to appreciate the meaning of his writings. The modern school of Atheists claims him as their leader; as such we find him represented by Burmeister in his scientific letters. Others bring forward his sympathy with Christian culture as evidence of his adherence to Christianity in its broadest sense. It is difficult to find in Humboldt's own writings any clew to the exact nature of his convictions. He had too great regard for truth, and he knew too well the Arian origin of the traditions collected by the Jews, to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish tradition: but it is impossible to become familiar with his writings without feeling that if Humboldt was not a believer, he was no scoffer. A reverential spirit for everything great and good breathes through all his pages. Like a true philosopher, he knew that the time had not yet come for a scientific investigation into the origin of all things. Before he attempted to discuss the direct action of a Creator in bringing about the present condition of the universe, he knew that the

physical laws which govern the material world must be first understood; that it would be a mistake to ascribe to the agency of a Supreme Power occurrences and phenomena which could be deduced from the continued agency of natural causes. Until some limit to the action of these causes has been found, there is no place in a scientific discussion, as such, for the consideration of the intervention of a Creator. But the time is fast approaching, and indeed some daring thinkers have actually entered upon the question,—Where is the line between the inevitable action of law and the intervention of a higher power? where is the limit? And here we find the most opposite views propounded. There are those who affirm that inasmuch as force and matter are found to be a sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole could be the result of accidental occurrences. In the few instances where, in his works, he uses the name of God, it appears plainly that he believes in a Creator as the law-giver and primary originator of all things. There are two passages in his writings especially significant in this respect. In the 2nd volume of the *Cosmos*, when speaking of the impression man receives from the contemplation of the physical world, he called nature "God's majestic realm." *Gottes erhabenes Reich*. In his allusion to the fearful catastrophe of Caraccas, destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, the critical inquirer may even infer that Humboldt believed in a special Providence. For he says with much feeling:—"Our friends are no more; the house we lived in is a pile of ruins; the city I have described no longer exists. The day had been very hot, the air was calm, the sky without a cloud. It was Holy Thursday; the people were mostly assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to foreshadow the threatening misfortune. Suddenly at four o'clock in the afternoon, the bells which were struck mute that day began to toll. It was the hand of God, and not the hand of man, which rang that funeral

dirge." In his own words: *Es war Gottes, nicht Menschenhand die hier zum Grabgelute zwang*.

CONCLUSION.

One word more before I close. I have appeared before you as the representative of the Boston Natural History Society. It was their proposition to celebrate this memorable anniversary. I feel grateful for their invitation, for the honor they have done me. I feel still more grateful for the generous impulse which has prompted them to connect a Humboldt scholarship as a memorial of this occasion with the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. I trust this token of good will may only be another expression of that emulation for progress which I earnestly hope may forever be the only rivalry between these kindred institutions and their younger sister in Salem. We have all a great task to perform. It should be our effort, as far as it lies in our power, to raise the standard of culture of our people, as Humboldt has elevated that of the world. May the community at large feel with equal keenness the importance of each step now taken for the expansion in every direction of all the means of the highest culture. The physical suffering of humanity, the wants of the poor, the craving of the hungry and naked, appeal to the sympathy of every one who has a human heart. But there are necessities which only the destitute student knows; there is a hunger and thirst which only the highest charity can understand and relieve; and on this solemn occasion let me say that every dollar given for higher education, in whatever special department of knowledge, is likely to have a greater influence upon the future character of our nation than even the thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions which have already been spent and are daily spending to raise the many to material ease and comfort.

In the hope of this coming golden age, let us rejoice together that Humboldt's name will be permanently connected with education and learning in this country, with the prospects and institutions of which he felt so deep and so affectionate a sympathy.

AN unenumerated source of contributions to Netherlands ballad-poetry in the present day consists of the broadsides and squibs of the elec-

tions in the Cape of Good Hope provinces. In these all the quaintness of the old country may be found. Athenæum.

From Good Words.
ON THE COLOUR OF AERIAL BLUE.*

It may be supposed that in considering the conditions upon which, as it seems to me, the aerial blue of the sky and landscape depends, I ought also to refer to such collateral subjects as the colour of blue in the sea, or in the region of clouds; but this I must do very briefly, as in both these cases, colour is dependent upon many circumstances, the consideration of each of which would require to be entered upon separately, while it is not so with the colour of blue in the sky and the landscape, the occurrence in these latter cases being uniformly referable to the same cause.

Such bodies as rain, mist, escaped steam, or aqueous vapours, do not meet the conditions under which the colour of aerial blue is formed, but smoke of the more gaseous kinds, and free from sooty admixture, being to a certain extent transparent, does so, and, as we shall see, is fitted to serve as an illustration, though imperfectly, of the subject of the following remarks.

What light is, has not, I believe, been fully discovered, but whence it is derived we know in so far as our system is concerned. Streaming from the sun, it travels unseen through space, dark as night, until coming in contact with matter, it is revealed in its power to illuminate — to generate and support life — and as the agent by whose potent ministry is produced all that we now rejoice in as pleasant to the sight and good for food.

Light is the source of colour, and when decomposed is seen to consist of three elementary constituents, namely, red, blue, and yellow, the infinite variety of local tints which we see in the world around being but modifications of these three as they more or less influence each other, singly or in combination.

No surface in the absence of light possesses colour, and the complexion of any substance when exposed to the sun shows what amount of power it has to absorb or reject certain rays: where this power is great we have intensity of colour, where it is weak we have paleness; and were there no other element influencing the aspect of external nature we should find ourselves in a world hard and sharply defined, having objects in the most distant parts pronounced in all their details of form and colour with equal force to those which are near; and the whole devoid of that sweetly modifying middle tint which we see prevailing everywhere, harmonizing all, and so gently

soothing to the mind and eye. This beneficent quality we possess in our atmosphere, constituted as it is to transmit light pure and white as it comes from the sun.

Atmosphere, without vapour, and with the sun at noon, is full of white light. Various examples show this. If, for instance, we range our eyes from the zenith to the horizon, the azure blue, so deep overhead, gradually becomes paler as the eye moves downwards, until in the extreme distance it has merged nearly all its colour in whiteness. Were the blue of the sky resident in our atmosphere, we should expect to find that where the atmosphere was most compressed — which it is on the surface of the earth — the colour would be deepest; but the reverse of this is the case, as the blue nearly all disappears from it as it nears the horizon.

Directing our view to a range of mountains capped with snow, and distant twenty, thirty, or forty miles — such as the Oberland seen from the terrace at Berne — we find that, though the space through which we look is so great in extent, and composed of the densest part of our atmosphere, the white of the snow when the sun shines upon it seems entirely unchanged in its purity, while the parts of the mountain range uncovered with snow, and the shadows on the snow-clad parts themselves, are of an azure blue.

Further: No white object, seen at whatever distance, is, with the sunlight upon it, at all affected in its purity as white, while every other colour in the same relation is more or less so, we are thus led to the conclusion that, as white alone remains unchanged under the conditions we have stated, the atmospheric medium through which all things are seen must be white.

Alpine climbers tell us that the higher they ascend toward the mountain-top the deeper the colour of the sky becomes, until, arriving at a height where respiration has become difficult, they find that the vault above, which at the base of the mountain seemed of so lovely a blue, now appears to the eye of an oppressive black, the change being due to this, that, the higher the traveller ascends the less is the amount of atmosphere interposed between him and the absolute darkness outside this thin veil encircling our globe.

The colour of azure blue is not peculiar to the regions of the sky, as the same cause produces the same effect through the whole of external nature, giving rise to those sweet gradations and harmonizing tints, which, like charity in the relations of life — bring all discordant things into a softened

* Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

unity, seen by all, and felt by all, though as a cause recognized perhaps by few.

Let us look to yonder mountain-range we left but a few hours ago, after wandering over steps of trap, and among braes of heather and fern, where the musical stream sings in the deep gorge its song to the wakeful aspen; and what do we see there? Nothing but a mantle of blue enveloping those varied features which in the morning gave such a charm to the rough hill-side, while we wandered over it. Now, however, twenty miles of atmosphere intervene, and the change we see is due to this cause. Suppose we travel back and examine the gradual unrobing. First, as we return, shortening our distance, comes out from the mantle of blue the lightest of the local colours—grass withered on the steep slopes, and bleached rocks lightened by the sun. Next, as we advance, those of a more positive kind; the purple heather, the bright orange of the withered fern, the decomposed rock with its hues of russet and chrome, while the grim trap, and the darkly-shaded ravines maintain their hold of their azure investment until we reach within a mile or so, when, gradually, they too are unveiled, and we wander once more among lichen-covered rocks, and crisp oak woods, with all that charm of rich and varied undergrowth which gave us so much pleasure before. From the stand-point let us cast our eyes along the long range of retreating hills, with their edgy crests and softened bases, and, as they retire, mark the gradually increasing shade of blue tinging the darker portions of their rugged structure; the scarps, and clefts, and shady hollows, until, in the distance, the whole has melted into one uniform hue, and dark mountain masses are seen to assume the colour and the filmy, impalpable look of the bright blue sky, rivalling, sometimes, the latter in its cerulean lustre. Suppose we leave the mountain spur on which, in thought, we now stand, and fancy ourselves transported to those blue hills seen far away. What shall we find there? Nothing but surfaces jagged and rough, and clothed in all respects like those we have left, while, seen from thence, these latter have assumed in their turn the radiant hue of the bright blue sky.

The darker the local colour of the landscape is, the more speedily and decidedly is its colour affected by the interposing air. In the Isle of Skye, for example, the range of the Cuchullins shows this strikingly in the black hypersthene formations composing the mountains in that wild district. Standing at Scurm-a-Gillea and looking

towards Blabhein, the dark, rugged mass of the latter appears of the deepest blue. Two hours' walk transfers the point of view to Blabhein, from whence looking back towards Scurm-a-Gillea, we find that this has now assumed the azure tint; the intervening eight miles of air being sufficient to change, in either case, the black corrugated mountain mass into a form of deepest blue.

In countries where the air is dry, and free from vapour, the vault above looks vastly expanded, while objects below look hard in their outline, and very delusive as to their seeming distance. The pure air being thin in body, is comparatively weak in overcoming the darkness of far-off space, or modifying the sharp details of forms on the earth beneath.

This other appearance may be often seen. A grey, unbroken cloud, over-arching like a roof, stretches away into the distance, throwing the remote mountains into deepest shadow, which the intervening air and sunlight beyond change into intense aerial blue. Such an effect is not unfrequently seen from the castle at Stirling. Looking across the level plain towards the Grampians, the picturesque range from Benlomond to Benvoirlich seems, in such circumstances, a belt of blue clipped from the summer sky, while in the lift above no blue is to be seen, but below and between, the undulating land has the look of the billowy sea, each dark retreating curve having its quota of relative blue, until merged in the flickering, palpitating bases of the shadowy hills, thirty miles away.

The blue of the sea is due mainly to the cause we have been considering, though perhaps also to others in particular circumstances. Still, as a rule, it will be found that the colour in this, as in the instances we have referred to, is to be attributed not to the colour as residing in the water, but as an effect produced upon the water's surface, under the conditions I shall now specify.

When undisturbed by wind, the face of the sea is simply a mirror reflecting the aspect of the sky at the time, but, when broken up by a passing breeze, the consequent rippling motion is composed of an infinite number of waves, or wavelets, each having several distinct facets, with some of which it reflects the light and colour of the sky, while in others the light is refracted so as to show a tint darkish in hue, and deepening towards the crest, where it becomes sharply black. The infinite multiplicity of these tiny and varied forms diffused on the broad surface of the ocean appear to the eye one uniform shadow, increased, sometimes,

by a passing cloud, and when seen from the coast margin,—the horizon in this case being limited, as to distance, from the dip of the sea,—the colour is merely a bluish gray; but when the horizon is extended by increasing the altitude of the point of view, this bluish gray becomes more distinctly blue, and if seen from a still greater height of a tender azure, the increase of intervening air through which the eye now looks being sufficient to produce these various results. The level horizon of the sea has not the range of space which mountains towering above this level possess; consequently we seldom see, even when looking from an elevated position, the colour of the sea so blue as that of mountains farther removed when under the same conditions of air and weather.

In the region of clouds this colour likewise prevails; not, however, in the burnished cirri, nor in those of diaphanous texture, with the light shining through, is it seen: but on the shady side of the massive cumuli when the evening sun light falls slanting upon their snowy and seemingly solid forms. The gorgeous shapes of cloud-land—gigantic cliffs, castles in the air—grotesque suggestions of sublunary things, fluctuating and fleeting, receive light and give shadow with the apparent compactness of substance belonging to their prototypes on earth; each shadow having, according to its depth and distance, its amount of relative blue; and as layer after layer retires into the distance, so great in proportion does the likeness in hue and tone of the shadow become to that of the sky itself.

Analogous to this, but with smoke as a medium, we find similar results proceeding from less perfect causes, namely, a dark body seen through a white and semi-transparent one, producing in sun-light the colour of aerial blue. Observe this smoke,—not the murky discharge from the coal-fires of busy factories, offending the sight and polluting the air with clouds of unconsumed carbon,—but the gaseous exhalations rising on quiet moorlands, when the cottager's fire of wood or of peat has been lit for preparing the morning meal. As it rises from the

chimney embowered in its dark greenwood, the smoke seems white and partially opaque: but, gradually diffusing itself in filmy expansion, it becomes bluer and bluer as its body becomes thinner, until, widely spread, it covers as with a veil of azure gauze the softened texture of the landscape. Look also for a moment at this fire smouldering on the moor itself, and mark what takes place. While the smoke has for its background the dark-brown turf, it is blue; rising higher, it is seen against the white-washed wall of a cottage, and it is of a palish brown. Then, again, as it mounts upwards and is seen against the dark hill-side, the blue is restored; and, finally, the sky, against which it is ultimately seen, brings back the delicate brown.

Here the smoke rises against four separate backgrounds, two dark and two light; against the dark it seems blue, and against the light a delicate brown, while the smoke itself remains unchanged in everything except its relation to the foil, or background against which it is seen.

Without multiplying examples which might easily be adduced, we come to the conclusion that this intangible aerial blue, which forms our sky, and is so important an element in giving harmony to the landscape, is a *relative colour*, owing its existence, not, like those which are local and positive, to the breaking up of the sun's light and appropriation or rejection of certain portions of its rays, but, as it seems to me, solely to the mingling of the whiteness of light with the darkness of space—of the deep blackness of the latter as seen through the clear transparency of the former. These two elements, thus simply combined, reveal to our loving gaze the body of heaven in its clearness—the sapphire radiance enveloping the throne of Him who dwelleth in light, and who hath made all these things.

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.”

GEORGE HARVEY.

The public has lost, we fear, an expected record of travel, by an accident which shows that South America has its deadly perils as Africa has. Two artillery officers, Capt. Webber and Lieut. Wallace, from Gibraltar, were on their way from Buenos Ayres to Peru. While crossing the Cordilleras, and when at a height

of nearly 16,000 feet, they were attacked by “Puna,”—rapid inflammation of the lungs, caused by rarified air. Capt. Webber speedily succumbed; his body is buried on the mountain side. The Lieutenant has returned to Gibraltar.